

Thomas Crane Public Library  
QUINCY MASS

QUINCY POINT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL  
QUINCY, MASS.

POINTER



QUINCY '35

George Lusk





HENRY T. PRARIO



THE POINTER STAFF

LeRoy  
Ryan

# THE POINTER

Quincy Point Junior High School

VOL. VI

QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS — JUNE 1935

No. 2

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## EDITORIALS

### DO YOU KNOW YOURSELF?

Are you climbing the hill of knowledge day by day? Are you broadening your horizon from week to week? Are you increasing your vision from month to month? Are you making definite progress from year to year?

What will you be like ten, twenty or thirty years from now? Have you chosen your pattern? Have you ever pictured the finished design? You are building the physical home that you are to live in, so be careful. Like the turtle you can never move out of your home, even though you may desire to do so.

Your home may be like a garden. Take good care of it and you will enjoy the flowers; neglect it and you will be plagued by weeds. Be courteous and dependable then the little foxes—the weak habits—will not steal in overnight.

In Junior High and Senior High you will do plenty of sowing; you will be working out your design; you will make mistakes; you will grow, you will not stand still. Make your pattern with eyes wide open and brain alert. See with your eyes; hear with your ears; yes, and hear with your eyes as well. Choose wisely and plan carefully so that the model will be attractive and well balanced.

Henry T. Prario, Principal.

## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear Fellow Schoolmates:

The time has come when I must leave you and go on climbing the ladder of life. I think the Quincy Point Junior High School is one of our finest schools because of the splendid co-operation of the faculty and student body.

This year the "Student Council" sponsored the "Better Citizenship Drive" which I think as a whole improved all our activities. I hope that the splendid spirit of co-operation of our school will always be upheld and stand out among other schools.

Therefore, I hope you will choose for yourselves a successor to lead you on the path of life.

I wish to thank the faculty and student body for the splendid way in which they helped me carry on my work.

John Evangelista, School President.

## BETTER CITIZENSHIP

The close of a highly successful school year is drawing near. During this year we have striven for better citizenship. Through these efforts we have tried to better our school and ourselves. Now we are realizing the fruits of our labors and ambitions. If we have striven for high ideals, now we are feeling the benefits. If we have been careless, we realize it now—too late.

Now there are many who realize the futility of hope of advancement. There are others who have tried hard and are now about to get their reward. Through this struggle and work many of us have risen and conquered our handicaps. Let us hope for other years as successful as this one has been.

Lester Sprague, Editor-in-Chief.

## NEWSETTES

### SCHOOL ELECTION

The rally of our school election was held on September twenty-seventh in the auditorium of our school. In the home room period the following day the election took place.

## FAIRS

The word "Fair" to everyone, whether young or old, is a synonym for a "rollicking good time." How interesting it is to delve into history to find how and why these delightful practices started.

We discover that the real origin of fairs was in Greece, where they were given to provide occasions for trading. Among these may be mentioned the world renowned Olympic Games, which still are in practice throughout the world at four-year intervals. They were then, as they are now, events in which the young men of the time showed their athletic prowess. But these, along with the religious festivals such as those of Delos and Delphi, were used mainly as a convenience for trading.

In Peru, the Incas held fairs three times a month with the stately grandeur that was so characteristic of those ancient men. These also were great trading events.

In old romantic Mexico, the gayest scarfs and shawls and beads were traded by the peons to the young senors and señoritas at fairs held every fifth day.

On the continent of Europe the Lyons fair was supposed to have been founded by the Romans and it long enjoyed a great reputation. The fairs of Champagne and Brie were world renowned and are referred to as early as the fifth century.

So we go through the ages with these fairs, and as we come to the end of our little history, we find it isn't complete without some mention of that fair of fairs, The Century of Progress, at Chicago. Anyone who attended will agree with me that it truly climaxed any that have gone before.

Jeanette Greene, 9-1.

The results were as follows:

President, John Evangelista, 9-5.

Second Floor Councilor, Lewis Moscodelli, 9-7.

First Floor Councilor, Richard Sager, 9-2.

Dorothy Morrie, 9-7.

## HOME ROOM ORGANIZATION

The President and Student Council Representatives for the year of 1934-35 are as follows:

Division	President	Representative
9-1	Paul Happel	Elizabeth Dorley
9-2	Lillian Russell	Jack Cappabianca
9-3	Sidney Donaldson	John Brown
9-4	William McKay	John Zoost
9-5	John Evangelista	Tony Cirillo
9-6	Jennie Graceffa	Rose Gillis
9-7	Charles Pitman	Ruth Wilson
9-8	Albert Emery	Cecil Kilraine
8-1	Nicholas Pepe	Philip Dwyer
8-2	Michael Cavalieri	David DeSantis
8-3	Fred De Santis	Robert Grant
8-4	Ann Moscone	George King
8-5	Frances Quinn	Mildred Pitman
8-6	Richard Watts	Helen Zablosky
7-1	Walter Latham	Warren Jones
7-2	Albert Clifford	Donald Ash
7-3	Romeo Gramazio	Arthur Dolan
7-4	Philip Ladopoulos	James Haslett
7-5	Lucille Morton	John Scott
7-6	Robert Marr	Elizabeth Todd
7-7	Robert Petzolt	Geraldine Hurney

## EDUCATION WEEK

November fourth to eleventh was Education Week. Parents were urged to come to see how our classes were conducted. On Thursday night, after the parents had talked to the teachers, the pupils gave an exhibition in the assembly hall. We closed Education Week with a special assembly celebrating Armistice Day.

Harold Gardner, 9-1.

## NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

When the members of Point gathered in the auditorium at the beginning of the year there were three new faces. These three people became regular members of our faculty; three other members had left us. Pointers gave them welcome to inspire them with the spirit that prevails here.

The newcomers were Mr. Ballou, who was here to take Mr. Mullarkey's place; Mr. Call, gym instructor, who came to take the place of Mr. McGrath; the third was Miss Winer who was to fill the place of sewing instructor vacated by Miss Johnson in the Home Economics department.

Lester Sprague, 9-2.

## ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

This year's Armistice Day Program was in charge of 9-2. They presented a special play for the occasion. The characters were as follows:

Liberty.....	Mary McDermott
Peace.....	Margaret Sandford
War.....	Frances Raneiri
Pages.....	Maurice Lyons, Lorne Wilson

Following this presentation, "Flanders Fields" was recited by Hector Pimentel and "America's Answer" was given by Lester Sprague. As the school sat with heads bowed, "taps" were played.

This program was followed by the introduction of the speaker, Mr. Higgans of the American Legion. He spoke to us on the subject of Armistice.

Lester Sprague, 9-2.

## THE BETTER CITIZENSHIP DRIVE

This year a "Better Citizenship Drive" was started. The purpose of this drive was to have the pupils of our school strive for better citizenship throughout the school year. The plan of the drive was to stress one of the following qualifications for each month.

November .....	Courtesy
December .....	Application
January .....	Initiative
February .....	Co-operation
March .....	Dependability and Responsibility
April .....	Punctuality
May .....	Loyalty
June.....	Law, Order, and Obedience

It was suggested that each class arrange a five minute program on each qualification, and the best program would be chosen to be given in the assembly hall.

Gerard Creutz, 9-1.

## BOOK WEEK ASSEMBLY

November 16, 1934 we were entertained by a man most of us know and admire—that great story teller, Mr. Cronin. Many good books were recommended by him. He told us a story called "These United States" by Hartmann which were very educational and very amusing. We were all sorry to see him leave and will look forward to hearing him again.

Jeanne Mitchell, 8-1.

## CAPTAIN STANLEY OSBORNE

On December 13, 1934, Captain Stanley Osborne visited our school and showed us some slides and moving pictures of Australian people and their customs, and many of the native animals. He also told us how Australia had been settled.

Captain Stanley Osborne was born in Australia of English parents.

Everyone enjoyed his talk and the pictures. We hope he will come again.

Jack Bowes, 9-1.

## ITALIAN EXHIBIT

During the week of December 14, 1934, the pupils of Mr. Evans' Geography classes put on an Italian Exhibit. Many beautiful things which came from Italy were displayed. The exhibit proved to be very interesting and educational, and was enjoyed by all who saw it.

David Sternberg, 9-2.

## BERALDE ENSEMBLE

December 20, 1934, the Peralde Ensemble visited us. They took us on a tour around the world by playing folk songs of each country.

We were all pleased to have them and hope that they will come again.

Harold Gardner, 9-1.

## HOBBY EXHIBITION

During the week of December tenth, the class of 9-2 held a hobby exhibition in Room 17. In the exhibition were many interesting hobbies, some of which were: stamp collections, coins, scouting, foreign correspondence, model railroading, woodworking, chemistry, knitting, poetry, printing, shells, birds' nests, Chinese relics, spearheads, and Indian relics.

The exhibition was open to everybody and proved to be a great success.

David Sternberg, 9-2.

## SAINT VALENTINE

Saint Valentine, whose life came to a sad end, was a priest in Rome. About the year 270, during the persecution of the early Christians he was beaten with clubs and beheaded.

Later the church made him a saint. As it

was very necessary to weed out the old, superstitious practices of Pagan Rome, a new feast was introduced in place of Lupercalia. The name of Saint Valentine was given to it because his day on the church calendar occurred about the same time in February.

George Johnson, 9-8.

## PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY

On Wednesday, January 30, 1935, the United States and Alaska celebrated the fifty-third birthday of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It was probably the most celebrated birthday of any President for many years. It was an acknowledgment of how he had worked for his country and brought hope to people when they were in despair.

The money that was received from the celebration was given over to aid children stricken with one of the most dreaded diseases—infantile paralysis. The President, having had it himself, realizes their sufferings and has tried valiantly to bring relief to those not able to afford proper care.

Jack Bowes, 9-1.

## AN INDIAN CHIEF

Monday, March eleventh, Joe Pocantico, a Sioux Indian, visited us and gave a talk about his people, their customs and manner of dress. He himself was dressed in full Sioux Indian regalia. He gave an exhibition of rope-tying and showed us all kinds of weapons for killing game and for war.

Mr. Pocantico closed his performance by answering questions the pupils asked him and by doing a war dance.

Harold Gardner, 9-1.

## MR. TALBOT

A splendid group of bird pictures was shown to us by Mr. Talbot of the Audubon Society on March fourteenth. Mr. Talbot not only showed pictures of birds, but he also imitated their songs. Then he told us how valuable birds are to us. Some of these birds are: the robin, our most familiar spring bird; the blue bird, the yellow warbler, the oriole, the woodpecker, and many others.

Mr. Talbot makes a complete study of birds. He always tells us something interesting about

them and interesting experiences he has had with them, during the winter.

Mr. Talbot is known all over the country for his splendid display of bird pictures.

Dorothy Norrie, 9-7.

### PLAY BALL

On March 25, 1935 we were fortunate in seeing the picture "Play Ball." Before the picture was presented we enjoyed a very interesting and amusing talk by George Moriarty, American League Umpire, who wrote and directed "Play Ball."

The purpose of the production was to present the most effective plays in the key positions of baseball. It demonstrated the correct way to throw a ball, how to bat, and how to field each infield position.

The picture was made by the American League teams and starred such players as Billy Werber, "Schoolboy" Rowe, Lou Gehrig, and many other stars of that league. Every team in the American League was represented.

Fred Allen, 9-1.

### MR. BURTON DAVIS

Everyone was pleasantly surprised when we were honored with the presence of Mr. Davis, Chief Executive of the New England Ice Dealers' Association, on April 1, 1935. He gave a very interesting talk on "Guarding the Nation's Health."

Mr. Davis gave the history of ice-making from four thousand years before Christ, by the Egyptians, to 1803 when the first ice company was founded by Tudor in Saugus, Massachusetts. Then he told about the modern methods of food preservation.

Jack Bowes, 9-1.

### P. T. A. CONCERT

On Thursday evening, April 11, 1935, at the High School Auditorium, a concert was given under the direction of Miss Howes for the Parent-Teachers' Council of Quincy. The combined musical departments cooperated to make this concert a success.

The different glee clubs rendered several selections as their part. The High School Band furnished its share of the music, as did the other organizations. Individual numbers and duets rounded out the evening.

The proceeds of this concert went to the different P. T. A's for benevolent work to be carried out by each in its own locality.

Lester Sprague, 9-2.

### SPELLING BEE

The Boston Herald held a spelling bee contest for all the high schools and ninth grade pupils in the Boston area. The purpose was to discover the best speller in the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th grades.

In our school the following winners were:

9-1	Gerard Creutz
9-2	Margaret Sandford
9-3	Mary Burke
9-4	William McKay
9-5	William Ferguson
9-6	Maureen McKenna
9-7	Geraldine Cleaves
9-8	Eugene Gallagher

Each winner received a bronze medal and the school champion, who was Eugene Gallagher, of 9-8, received a silver medal.

Betty Swanson, 9-8.

### COUNTRY FAIR

On the evening of April 5th a stranger would have found some 1500 persons gathered on the basement floor. The big event was the Country Fair.

Upon entering the building one was greeted by the shouts of the barkers from the sideshow, marionette show, fish pond, and hobby show. Many features advertised the side show. Some were: the World's Heaviest Couple, Dionne Quintuplets, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb.

The style show attracted many with its modern gowns and costumes. The hobby show with a prize for the best hobby attracted many others. John Dialogue and Lawrence Higgs won the prize with their model airplanes.

The main floor show commenced at 8.00 P. M. Dances, songs, tumbling and wrestling featured the evening. The climax came as a clown prepared to jump from the balcony into a tub of water. When he jumped, but wait a minute, a head popped out of the tub. The crowd gathered round and howled with delight. It was nothing but a dummy.

Music by our own orchestra and the Bay Staters rounded out the evening. Everyone felt his money well spent and went away feeling very jovial in spirit.

Lester Sprague, 9-2.

## HIGH SCHOOL BAND

On Thursday, May 9, 1935, during club period those who paid a nickel had the pleasure of hearing and seeing the High School Band under the direction of Miss Howes. Before the concert was presented, Miss Howes talked to us about the different instruments in the band. Then she had individual members illustrate each instrument. After the talk, the concert started with "Sheridan's Sabers," and other marches followed. When the bell rang we filed reluctantly back to our classes.

The proceeds of the concert went toward the fund for band uniforms.

Fred Allen, 9-1.

## DANCING CLASSES

On Tuesday, May 14, dancing classes were started for the ninth grade. The classes were held in the gym and the orchestra selected was "Russell's Rhythm Kings" made up of Point graduates. These classes were in preparation for the ninth grade reception. The admission price of five cents paid for the orchestra.

Fred Allen, 9-1.

## MASSACHUSETTS MUSIC FESTIVAL

Twenty-eight cities and towns sent 5000 student-musicians to Quincy on Saturday, May 18, 1935, for the Massachusetts Music Festival for school orchestral bands, and a choral group.

The list included 25 orchestras, 28 bands, and 30 choral groups. It was the first time the festival was held in Quincy.

Cities and towns from which enrollments were received by Miss Maude M. Howes, Quincy Music Supervisor and Chairman of the Festival, were:

Worcester, Everett, Gloucester, Melrose, Arlington, Watertown, Springfield, Somerville, Wellesley, Lawrence, Braintree, Brockton, Fitchburg, Haverhill, Gardner, Concord, Middleboro, Bourne, Whitman, Woburn, North Attleboro, Waltham, Greenfield, Wakefield, Turners Falls, Thayer Academy, East Bridgewater and Bridgewater.

The morning program was given over to playing and singing before music experts for rating according to the so-called Kansas-Rotary Plan. There were five ratings: superior, excellent, good, average, and below average. Constructive criticisms were made on sheets of paper and later handed to those who

directed the groups. The judges were seated behind screens.

Thirteen halls were utilized for the morning program which got under way at 8.30. Admission of the public was by tag.

Halls that were used included: our own Quincy Point Junior High auditorium and gymnasium, Central Junior Hall and gymnasium, South Junior Hall and gymnasium, Strand Theatre, Quincy Theatre, Masonic Temple, Woodward Institute, and Bethany Social Hall.

In the afternoon all the orchestras combined an all-state orchestra. They played from 1.30 to 2.00. For the next half hour glee clubs under the direction of Grace G. Pierce of Arlington, were combined for an all-state choral group.

A parade of twenty-eight bands formed near Faxon tennis courts and marched along Coddington Street to Hancock Street and then to Pfaffmann's oval. The reviewing stand was at Central Junior High School. At the Oval, bands appeared in marching and drum major demonstrations.

Quincy High and North Quincy High school bands appeared in their new uniforms for the first time on that afternoon. Quincy in two shades of blue and North Quincy in red and black coats and white trousers.

The program for the day closed with a concert by a massed band at the oval under the baton of Walter Smith of Merrymount, band conductor and trumpeter.

All the Quincy Schools received high ratings including our own Quincy Point.

## THE COMET

The new streamline train, Comet, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Line was on exhibition at the Granite Street Crossing for four hours. Spectators were allowed to go to inspect the train.

The Comet has four Diesel powered motors, two at each end of the train, which have a cruising speed of 110 miles per hour. It is equipped with an indirect lighting system and it is air conditioned. This eliminates opening the windows and keeps a normal temperature in the train at all times.

The Comet makes the run from Boston to Providence, a distance of forty-four miles, in forty-four minutes.

Melvin Silver, 9-2.



**WANTO READIT CLUB  
GIRL LEADERS CLUB**

**ONCE UPON A TIME CLUB  
LIBRARY STAFF**

### NEWS FROM ABROAD

Miss Bradley, who left in February to be married, is now living in her new home in Aden, Arabia. An excerpt from one of her letters will give you an idea of the interesting trip she had after leaving New York.

"We had a delightful trip to Aden. The Atlantic crossing was most uncomfortable; but as we neared the Strait of Gibraltar, the sea became calm and the weather like spring. From then on it was grand.

"Our first stop was in Spain at Palma De Mallorca which was a beautiful island with quaint natives and customs, and beautiful Spanish-type villas. From there we went to Marseille, France, then on to Naples, Italy. I enjoyed Italy and hope to spend much more time there at a later date.

"Alexandria was our next stop. There we left the ship and remained a week. We flew from Alexandria to Cairo. There was so much to see in Cairo that one could well spend a few

weeks there to advantage. The Tutankahmen exhibition was a most marvellous sight. Good old "King Tut" certainly lived a life of splendor and luxury. Of course the pyramids and Sphinx were marvellous too; yet I think the Museum thrilled me more.

"We proceeded by train to Port Said where, after three days, we embarked on the 'Victoria,' a beautiful Italian motor ship, for the last lap of our journey down the Red Sea, passing Ismailia, Suez, and into Aden. All in all the trip so exceeded my expectations that I am still excited about it.

"Aden is a quaint spot, located in a crater surrounded on three sides by hills of rock formed as a result of a volcanic eruption centuries ago. I find it most interesting, although it is extremely hot. It is spring here now and the average temperature is 90 to 92. I haven't minded the heat too much because there are electric fans every few feet in the house and then again we are fortunate in having a fine beach."



# LITERARY



## A CLOSE CALL

The scene was in the gymnasium of the Quincy Point Junior High School early one evening.

Two boys standing off to the side of the gym appeared very nervous. They were the directors of the show and at the very last minute they discovered the costumes were missing. Immediately they began a frenzied search for them, looking into every hiding place conceivable to hide a box of costumes. Suddenly Frank remembered—he had left them home in his excitement. Another boy was dispatched to get them and it was in this state of excitement that we found them. Shortly afterward the boy returned with all of the costumes.

The show proved to be a success and the two boys were congratulated, but only a few people ever knew of the narrow escape the boys had.

Harold Gardner, 9-1.

## PRODIGAL SON

"Quick! He's looking now."

This was Hazel Brown speaking as she and Jean Barr sat on the sands at Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

"I saw him on the camp grounds last night. Come on, let's get dressed. It's getting cold."

As the two girls sauntered home, they discussed the interesting stranger.

Suddenly Jean became quiet and then said, "Hazel, I wonder what became of your brother George. It will be three years this fall since he disappeared into thin air."

"You know, Jean, I think my mother knows where he is. She hasn't talked about him so much lately."

"Wouldn't it be wonderful if she were to spring a surprise on us and bring him home some day?"

That night at the pier, the stranger again made his appearance. The girls were very excited and Hazel wanted to speak to him.

"Jean, where did he disappear to? Oh, dear! Now we have lost him," said Hazel.

"We'll find him again. You can't keep your eye on anyone in this crowd," replied Jean who was also disappointed.

After wandering aimlessly around, they somehow arrived in the Penny Arcade.

Suddenly, when separated from Hazel, Jean violently bumped into someone. Very much surprised she looked up into the face of the stranger.

"Excuse me. I guess I took that corner too fast," exclaimed the young man.

"That's all right," said Jean wishing she could run away.

As she turned to go, the stranger suddenly said, "I'll see you later."

When Jean related the incident to Hazel, the latter said, "I wonder what he meant by that last remark?"

"I thought that funny, too."

At Hazel's house where they were living, the family was having the usual lunch before they retired for the night when the girls arrived.

Coming into the dining room they greeted the family and then stopped short.

"What's the matter? You two look as if you'd seen a ghost," exclaimed Hazel's youngest brother.

The girls continued to stare at the stranger sitting at the table. Who was this mysterious young man who seemed to haunt them wherever they went?

The stranger smiled.

"I told you I would see you later, didn't I? I see you didn't believe me."

Suddenly Hazel burst out, "Will you stop fooling and introduce yourself?"

Her mother rose slowly from her chair and went over to the stranger, put her arm around his shoulder and—

Jean and Hazel held their breaths. They were at last to know who this person was who had kept them in suspense a week, and with whom Hazel's mother seemed so familiar.

"I can see by your faces you do not recognize this young man."

Jean was beginning to see light and the smiling faces helped her conviction.

"This is—"

"I know. It's George!" Jean's excited voice was almost a shout.

"Funny we didn't think of it before," said Hazel in a weak voice.

Late as it was there was much excitement in the Brown family that night over the prodigal son returned.

Jean Galbraith, 8-1.



**CLASS OF 8-6**  
**PAINTED IRON NOVELTY CLUB**

**SCRAP-BOOK CLUB**  
**ART CLUB**

### HAPPY HALLOWE'EN

Jack's mother had proposed a party for Hallowe'en. The proposal was heartily seconded by Jack.

Everyone who had been invited was present, and Rastus, colored son of the school janitor, was having the time of his life.

Jack's mother took charge of the party, and carefully explained that Mr. Whithers would not be present, due to a delay at the office. As soon as the games had all been played, the doughnuts, ice cream, and cider were brought into the room.

"Now," thought Rastus, "I sure will have a good time." But just then he hurriedly changed his mind.

Coming through the door was a ghost, and

ghosts do not make any colored boy's heart leap with joy. He cast a longing glance at the "eats" and then one at the ghost. As the ghost came toward him, his knees began to knock, and soon he was on the floor with his hands folded in prayer. The ghost stopped in front of him and Rastus clutched at the garments of the ghost.

"Mercy, mercy, ah ain't done nothin, hones' ah ain't. Please, oh, please, suh, don't hurt me!"

After a short space of time and breathless silence there was a rr-rr-rrrrrip. The sheet fell off and with staring eyes Rastus beheld Mr. Whithers. After the laughter died down, Rastus made sure of his share of the "eats."

Lester Sprague, 9-2.

### THE SUICIDE PATROL

"All right sir," said Butch Roberts. "You want me to escort a Handly-Page over the lines to lay some eggs. That's O.K. by me. When do I leave?"

"Right now. You will meet it at fifteen thousand feet above the field. You are going to bomb position M24. This is the largest concentration of explosives the Germans have ever made. It must be destroyed. I doubt if you'll ever return. Good luck."

A few minutes later a Spad and a Handly-Page were heading for Hunland. Butch was marveling at the way things were. It seemed as if there were no war being fought. He was suddenly brought out of his thoughts by the chatter of machine guns, as his instrument panel shattered and traces whined past his head.

He looked up and saw a flight of S.E.5's dropping down on him. He was bewildered for a moment, and in that moment the leading S.E.5 slipped in and nailed the bomber.

Butch recognized the bomber. It was Hiller Sempidt, a German espionage agent. Somehow he had equipped a flight of men with allied ships and this was the result.

Butch dove on his tail. The Hun twisted frantically as he felt the lead pouncing into his back. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion as a tracer found its mark. Dismayed by the death of their leader, the Heinies tried to flee. Butch pounced on them and riddled them from prop to fin. Coming up under the second, he nailed him to his instrument panel. Letting the rest go, he went down to see if he could help the bomber. Upon landing he found the observers dead and the pilot dying. Remembering Major Blackstone's orders that the raid must succeed, he determined to fly the bomber himself. Over M24 he looked for the dump, but it was so skillfully concealed that he could not find it.

Archie's opened fire on him. The concussions of exploding shells rocked the big ship as if it were a small row boat in a wild storm at sea. He decided that where the Archies were the thickest, the dump must be.

He spotted it on the side of a hill. Sweeping over it, he jerked the bomb trigger, but nothing happened because it was jammed. Muttering a prayer he shoved the stick forward and gave her the gun. Straight down

into the dump he dove. The side of the hill seemed to leap into the air as thousands of tons of high explosives let go.

One part of the 49th Pursuit Squadron's record reads:

1st Lieutenant William H. Roberts,  
49th Pursuit Squadron, U. S. A.,  
Killed in action.

Vincent Ryan, 8-1.

### THE TRUE SPIRIT

It was three days before Christmas when Thomas Keeley, the son of the Mayor of Springfield, was doing the last of his shopping. As he walked through the city he happened to see a man sitting on the curb selling pencils.

This started him thinking about what a lucky boy he was to be born in a considerably wealthy family, and of all the poor children to whom Christmas was just another day of hunger. This thought stayed in his mind all the way home, until he decided to do all in his power to help some poor family during the Christmas vacation.

It was only two days before Christmas when his father gave him twenty-five dollars to spend on some more presents. But instead Tommy went down to the grocery store and bought enough food to fill two baskets and then with what money he had left he bought some clothing for the children of a certain family he had in mind.

Early Christmas morning he went down the other end of town and across the railroad tracks to an old house. In the house lived a widow and her six small children. Tom noticed as he walked up to it that a considerable number of windows were broken and an attempt had been made to board them up. After stating his purpose of the call, he gave the widow the two baskets and clothing. The mother was very appreciative and so were the children. He left soon, with a light heart and a contented look on his face.

This Christmas he enjoyed more than any other. So it goes to show that not only those who receive are happy, but also those who give willingly.

John McClure, 9-6.

## SPORTSMANSHIP

"Well, boys, this is the last college team that I shall ever manage. Our season has not been very successful and now comes Colombia, league leaders and the one team that we have never beaten. Go out boys, and give all you've got."

There were tears in Pop's eyes as he shook the hands of his team—his last team.

Two weeks before this incident, the college had announced its intention of actually paying men to come to their institution. Pop was a true sport and resigned his position. Dan Huntley, the coming coach, didn't care the least bit about sportsmanship; he only wanted to win because winning meant money.

By noon of the day of the big game, the stands were sold out. Although Maesland didn't have a chance, the home folks wanted to see how Pop McCullan would wind up his baseball there.

It was the last of the sixth and the score stood 1-1. Somers, the first sacker and captain of the underdogs, was at bat with none out and a man on first and one on second. The first pitch was inside and low. The second came right down the middle. Somers stuck out his bat and a slow sacrifice rolled towards first. What would Pop do now? This question was fixed in the minds of all the spectators. Pop switched a right handed batter to face the southpaw Cowan. He sent "Flash" to run for the man on the third base. Cowan wound up. A floater came down the lane. Broderick counted ten and put all his power behind the swing. The crack of horsehide against wood was heard. It was sailing over the center-fielder's head; but no! He stuck out his left hand, reached back and made a miraculous catch. Flash on third left the bag as soon as the catch was made and raced for home. The catcher stood in his path. Flash could have run into him and declared interference, but Pop had taught his boys to play straight. He slid. His foot hooked between the legs of the catcher and onto the plate. He was safe! It was Pop's strategy that scored that run. Maesland played great ball the rest of the game and never lost their lead.

The next season the fans did not like Huntly's way of playing and he was soon fired. They sent for Pop. It was too late. Pop, the old-timer, loved by all had passed into the next world. His brand of playing is

still used at Maesland and the citizens have erected a monument in his honor. Pop, the grand old man of baseball, is gone but not forgotten.

Nicholas Pepe, 8-1.

## THE FUTURE

Standing in front of the fortune teller's hut at the Country Fair was a boy about fourteen years old. His knees were shaking and there was a look of anguish on his face. Very slowly he walked into the tent. He was very grateful for the crowd that was there. For the news would be held off longer. But soon his turn came.

"I-I-I would li-l-like to know—"

But here he was interrupted by the loud voice of a policeman.

"I would like to know my future." With a deep sigh of relief, the boy stepped out into the adjoining tent. All too soon the lady came in.

"I would like to know i-i-if."

Here he was interrupted again by the loud voice of a policeman saying: "Has anyone seen a small man in a brown suit?"

"No," answered a voice in the other tent.

The policeman then departed. In a rush the boy said, "I would like to know if I am going to get a Certificate of Attainment."

"Well," answered the gypsy, "You'll just about pass and also—"

"Whew!" exclaimed the boy and ran out leaving a surprised fortune teller behind.

Gerard Creutz, 9-1.

## SOUTH AMERICAN MAGIC

"Darn it!" ejaculated the newcomer to the small government outpost on the Amazon River. Again he repeated mournfully, "Darn it. The only mirror I've got and it breaks. I won't be able to shave myself."

He strolled out on the small piazza of the building and seated himself in a rickety old rocking chair. While he was idly fingering the broken pieces of mirror and looking at the jungle his gaze became riveted on the river trail. A man stumbled along it and collapsed in front of the porch. Calling Pancho, the other man at the post, Jim put the pieces of glass into his pocket and ran to the unconscious man. With the aid of Pancho, he carried him into the house and put him on the

couch. After bandaging the stranger, Jim surveyed him. He had a stern yet kindly look, a straight, aquiline nose. He had a week's growth of white beard. His once neat khaki shirt and shorts were ripped and torn and bloodstained. One sleeve of his shirt was gone; the other was badly torn. His shoes had bloodstains on them. Carefully Jim cut the leather off. Underneath he found the man's feet bruised and cut. After applying iodine he swathed them in gauze.

Going outside with Pancho, Jim asked him who the man was.

Pancho answered, "Ah, Señor Jim, I do not know thees man. He may be one Bill Morgan who trades in upper country."

Just then the man returned to consciousness and began muttering. Jim went in and bent over him. "All right, old timer, what is it?"

"The natives have gone on the warpath. They're gonna massacre all the small forts and then gather a larger force and swoop down to massacre the larger ones. You're the first one."

Instantly Jim went into action. "Pancho! Get rifles and plenty of ammunition. Bring the machine gun too. We'll take lots of them into account before they get us."

The man on the couch spoke up, "Guns and rifles won't be any use against the natives. They'll come swarming over the place. We've got to frighten them."

Just then tom-toms began to boom around the clearing. A fierce war chant began. Jim in desperation shoved his hand into his pocket. His hand touched something. An idea began to take form.

"Pancho!"

"Yes, Señor Jim."

"Go to the windows upstairs and tell them in dialect what I tell you."

Jim whispered a few words in Pancho's ear. As Pancho ran up the stairs, Jim stepped into the sunlight. The tom-toms stopped. The savages stared. Wonder of wonders! Here was a white man unafraid of death. Pancho's voice burst from the upper window. The natives stared incredulously at Jim and then broke into jeering laughs. Jim shouted something at Pancho. Pancho went on in the dialect. Jim pulled something out of his pocket. After wielding it around for a minute the natives broke into a run toward the jungle.

When Pancho and the stranger, who was Bill Morgan, questioned him, Jim said, "I used only those pieces of broken mirror. I flashed it in their eyes. They thought I was the sun God."

Thomas Fitzgerald, 8-1.

### THE STRANGER

It was a hot sultry afternoon in mid-summer when a large, blue touring car drew up before the Croftville Bank. A young man in a well-tailored suit stepped from the car and entered the low door of the small town bank while the driver of the car waited for him with the engine of the car running. Soon an admiring and curious group of people was staring at the car, for it wasn't often that more than an old, ram-shackled Ford was seen here.

After about five minutes the young man reappeared at the door and the crowd melted away after seeming to take in every detail of his dress and features; although, later, not two of them gave the same description of him. He got into the car and at once rode away at great speed. As soon as he had disappeared from sight in a cloud of dust, a much flustered and excited Mr. Brown rushed from the bank and looked frantically in the direction of the vanished car.

In great despair he moaned, "Gone!" and ran back into the bank. Murmurs of wonder and curiosity ran through the spectators of this strange act on the part of Mr. Brown.

"I'll bet he robbed the bank," said one person.

"I knew he wasn't any good as soon as I saw him with those slick clothes he had on," declared an old crony in the rear of the gathering. "Let's get Bob, the cop."

Soon Bob arrived and hurriedly went to find out what had happened to cause the confusion. He went into the office of the bank president and asked in great excitement, "How much did he take? Which way did he go?"

"What are you talking about?" interrupted Mr. Brown.

"Why the thief who just robbed the bank, of course!" exclaimed Bob in surprise.

"That was no thief. He was a bank inspector who came to see my records. I couldn't find some important ones while he was here; but I found them right after he left."

Eleanor Goldstein, 8-1.

## THE COUNTRY FAIR

Jean Lennex and her mother were rushing through the afternoon meal so they could go to the country fair on time.

Mrs. Lennex was packing a few of the jellies she had made for the fair while Jean polished up "Porky," her best pig for the fair. It was a great event in the Lennex household as the country fair only came to town every five years and Jean had only seen it when she was just a little girl.

The wagon was hitched up and "Porky" was fixed up in the back with a blanket over him to keep off the dirt. It was noon when they reached the fair ground and all the colors of the rainbow seemed to decorate each stall.

The noise was terrific until the announcer began to tell of the winner of the hog prize. Jean heard "Porky's" name called and walked up in a daze to get the prize money.

Mrs. Lennex had also won a prize for her jam. The two were so happy they thought they would celebrate.

They visited every stall in the fair and filled the wagon to the top with all kinds of food and souvenirs.

It was rather late when they started home and Jean fell asleep with some of the prize money still clutched in her hand. Just before she closed her eyes she said, "Mumma, let's go to the country fair every day."

Isabel Scott, 9-7.

## THE NARROW ESCAPE

"Salmon River! Salmon River!" The conductor was calling out. It was the end of a long journey from New York to Canada and though it had not been a weary one, the boys were glad to be at their destination. At last they really had started their vacation.

Everything went along uneventfully until the second evening. Jack and Tom decided to try their luck at salmon fishing. They cast their lines in and it was not long before they had a nibble. Tom started to draw his line in but evidently it was a very large fish and had started to draw them along. They were not quite sure how far they were from camp, but sooh saw a light. It looked like a torch. "Maybe it's the Colonel out looking for us," Tom said.

"No, I don't think so, because we haven't been gone very long and I told Mr. Hall where we were going," informed Jack.

"Let's cut our lines and pole up nearer to the object and see what it is," suggested Tom. They did so.

"I do believe it's that half Indian, Peter Touehou, and I'll bet my life that he is flambering and that's against the law!" Jack exclaimed.

"Let's scare him and chase him and see how many salmon he's put to torture," said Tom. "I'll tell you what! The shotgun; it's up here under the seat. Let's shoot at him and that will give him a scare."

They did so and it almost took Peter's breath away because he didn't think there was anybody within a mile's distance. He dropped the torch and spear and picked up the paddle quicker than it takes to tell it. He began to paddle with all his might but didn't travel very fast because he had a heavy load and his paddle wasn't very strong. However Peter was still in the lead. Tom and Jack were twenty-five feet behind him. It was not long before they could hear Indian Falls, the large cascade that no man had dared to run.

"Hey, Jack," called Tom, "he can't run the falls, he'll be killed." However they were unaware of Peter's thoughts at that moment.

Nearer and nearer they came to the falls. They could now feel the mist that was raised by the torrent.

"Harder, harder, can't you, Tom?" exclaimed Jack. "We've got to catch him!"

Try as they might, their chase was in vain. Almost before they knew what had happened, Peter had gone over the cascade. With careful steering of the canoe Tom and Jack followed. The canoe was nowhere in sight, "Help! Help!" came from somewhere in the cascade.

"Look out for that rock, Jack," Tom called.

"I'm going in after him," exclaimed Tom.

"You will be killed," said Jack.

"I don't care. If there is any chance to save him, I'm going to do so," said Tom.

And so, as if to carry out his words, Tom was in the falls trying hard not to be caught on a rock in the torrent.

"I have him," called Tom.

"Keep on to the bottom of the falls and I will swim to the shore with Peter."

Jack did so. "Well, we've made the Indian Falls. That sure was a narrow escape!" exclaimed Tom and Jack almost at the same time.

Jeannette Jackson, 9-1.

## THE SHOW MUST GO ON

The noisy, chattering, group of people walked through the gate in a steady stream, pausing occasionally to look at the wonders of the circus pictured on the billboards. As they moved toward the tent, Dodo, the clown, poked his head out of the dressing room and exclaimed, "Whew! There's going to be some crowd today, and is it hot? Oh for some rain!"

"That's what I say. I don't feel a bit like going on that trapeze; but if it will make me cooler I'll do anything," chimed in Delores, a member of the "Three Flying Sisters," well known as the best act being performed at this time.

"Well, we'd better hurry or we'll be late. There's the opening number. C'mon," shouted Shirley, another of the famed troupe.

The three girls, Jane, Shirley, and Delores, ran out of the tent followed by Dodo and joined the throng of happy but hot performers on their way to the "big top." The music was blaring as they swung into the opening, they then proceeded to amuse the crowd with their funny antics.

After a few numbers the strains of familiar music reached the girls' ears and they started for the ladder leading to the top of the tent. Using many adjectives, the ring-master announced their act and they started on their long climb. Shirley reached the top first followed by Jane and immediately after by Delores. As was their usual custom, they tested the ropes and bars and Shirley was just going to do the two and a half when Delores shouted, "The ropes are worn!"

"Where?" groaned Jane.

"At the top," answered Delores.

All three girls looked up and the first to speak was Shirley, "Delores, you nearly scared me to death. That won't break; it still has some to go yet. I'm going to try that two and a half."

Both Jane and Delores pleaded with Shirley but to no avail. She simply said, "The show must go on and besides I'm light; the ropes will hold me. We'll all do singles and it will be safer because the rope will not hold two or three of us."

The girls, seeing it would be useless to try to stop her, helplessly looked on. All went well at the take off and it looked as though

nothing would happen when all of a sudden the rope snapped. Shirley clung to the iron bar on the side but her hands were slowly and surely sliding off the slippery metal. The crowd, thinking this was part of the act, was applauding noisily and little did they realize it would have been better had they kept still. Jane and Delores were frantically shouting instructions to pull on the rope and swing in, but due to the noise of the audience, Shirley couldn't hear them.

After making a last, desperate effort to hang on, she fell. The net below the trapeze had been put there for just such accidents as this, but because of the swinging action of the bar, Shirley went over the side of the net and down on to the floor.

Dodo, the first to reach her side, carried her off the grounds closely followed by Jane and Delores, who, risking life and limb, had all but run down the ladder.

A doctor was summoned and ordered Shirley to the hospital saying she had a slight fracture of the skull received when she hit the edge of the ring, and a broken arm.

Many hours of anxious waiting elapsed while both Delores and Jane were nearly frantic with fear. Finally the doctor made his appearance and in answer to the girls' questions said, "She will be all right—a little shaky at first, but she can continue her career after a year's vacation."

"Oh!" breathed Jane, a look of relief creeping into her face, "I'm so glad."

"So'm I," answered Delores. "We would have been ruined if she hadn't pulled through. Well, come on, Jane, we've got work to do. I'm going to send Shirley away to the best place I can find. Let's go home and decide where Shirley, you, and I shall take a well-earned vacation soon. After this I guess we'll know better than to go on a worn rope even if 'The Show Must Go On'."

Helen Gallagher, 8-1.

## IT TAKES SKILL

It was one day in the summer about nine years ago when I was only six years old that I decided that I would drive a car. So, seeing my father's car in the driveway, I hopped in and started it. I could just about see the road up ahead of me, but, undismayed, I backed the car down the driveway very skillfully.

I came about three inches from hitting a lamp post. I then stepped on the accelerator and went tearing up the street. Suddenly my stomach went cold for I saw another car coming toward me. It looked to me as if the car would collide with me so I turned the wheel as far as I could.

The car didn't hit me, but in turning I destroyed part of a fence and ended in an orchard. Then seeing a man running toward me, I turned to flee right into the arms of a policeman who took me home. There I heard the famous saying, "Son, this is going to hurt me more than you!"

And in three seconds I was cured of a three years' desire to drive a car.

Gerard Creutz, 9-1.

### WHERE THERE IS SMOKE, THERE IS FIRE

"Whew, it's hot!" exclaimed Paul. He sat with his bare feet in the water, a fishing pole in his hand, and a straw hat on the back of his head. He was a small, freckle-faced boy of eleven. His face was sunburned in spite of a wide brimmed hat. Near him stood three other boys all dressed in the same way and doing the same thing. They were on a camping trip. Richard and Henry looked about the same size; but Henry was the older. Frank was the oldest of the boys, but he was not so large as Richard and Henry.

"Gee, I'll say so! But, Henry, you had better throw those fish back. They aren't worth keeping, anyway," said Frank.

"Well," said Richard, "I don't know what you fellows are going to do, but I am going back to camp."

"Aw, you don't know how to catch fish, that's all," Henry flung at Richard as he left.

"Don't you brag, Henry," returned Frank.

"All we've caught all day are two little pumpkin seeds and you only caught one of them. I'm going with Richard. Coming, Paul?"

"Oh, we might as well all go," said Henry, rising and reeling in his line.

As the boys were leaving the pond, Henry glanced at the opposite shore. "That looks like smoke over there, boys," he said anxiously. "There wasn't anyone over there a little while ago."

"Oh, don't be like that, Henry, come on.

Race you to the camp," said Paul.

"I'm going after some fire wood," Frank called after them, "I'll be back soon."

However, at the end of a long afternoon Frank had not returned, so the boys made an anxious search. Paul and Richard walked south while Henry went north. It was agreed that they should not go far from camp, for fear of losing their way. Paul and Richard returned alone; but when Henry came back to camp a few minutes later he had Frank with him. By calling his name loudly he had located Frank searching for the path.

They brought the startling news that the surrounding woods were on fire and the flames were headed toward camp. They must get out of the forest immediately. Their belongings were soon packed and they were headed toward home; but they had not gone far when Paul discovered that he could see the fire between the trees. At this the boys broke into a run. They tore through the underbrush as fast as they could; but when they stopped for breath the fire was still sweeping down upon them.

"Our only chance," Henry said, "is a backfire. Here, Paul, take this bunch of grass and light it. Use it for a torch and light as many fires as you can; Frank, Richard and I will do likewise."

"Now, get into the burnt area," Henry shouted, as the big fire came closer. The trembling boys did as they were told and the flames swept around them.

"Whew!" said Richard, as he collapsed in a sad heap. "That was close. I feel scorched all over. How are the rest of you?"

Henry had burned his hand and Paul discovered a burn on his arm, but all the boys were mighty glad that they had escaped serious burns.

Henry Johnson, 8-5

### THE TRACK MEET

Sitting in their seats in the Boston Garden, an immense crowd was breathlessly waiting for the greatest race in the history of the country to start.

In the locker room seated on the benches were some of the greatest runners in the world such as Greenhall, the Pennsylvania flash; Tom Mason, the Kansas Flyer; and last but not least that game little Englishman from Oxford, Winters. There were also other minor entries. Over in a far cor-

ner of the room were two of these entries, Bill Edwards and Ed Samson, glaring with hateful eyes toward Winters. Talking in low tones, they formed a plot to prevent him from winning.

At last the moment arrived. The noise was terrific as the runners came out to take their positions.

With the flash of the gun they were off, Greenhall instantly taking the lead, closely followed by Mason; in third place came Winters running strongly and on each side of him were Edwards and Samson.

The race was nearly over and the pace was so fast many of the entries had dropped out, while up in front, Greenhall and Mason were weakening fast. With his breath coming in gasps but still going strong, Winters was hanging on gamely with Edwards and Samson still at his sides.

Seeing his chance to take the lead, Winters began to increase his pace when Samson and Edwards began to box him in. Flashing spikes came nearer and nearer to those flying feet. Then they struck, leaving a horrible gash in the lower part of Winters' foot. With a look of surprise and pain, Winters went down; but gamely got to his feet and struggled on. With grim determination he swept past the leaders, and after crossing the finish line, fell in a heap in front of the officials' box.

Winters had won the greatest race in history, but he would run no more. After the operation, he was barely able to walk; but everyone envied him for the great runner he had once been.

George Page, 8-1.

### GRANDPA THOMPSON'S GHOST

"Wa-al, boys," drawled Uncle Mac, "that's the story. That's why nobuddy lives on Thompson's farm."

The three boys who had been listening to old Mac Weatherby sat in silence for a moment thinking about the story just related to them. Suddenly Bob, the eldest of the three, broke the silence by saying, "Thanks for telling us that story, Uncle Mac, but is it guaranteed to be the gospel truth?"

"Wal now, boys," replied Mac, "I don't set to go 'round tellin' lies, everybuddy knows; but that story I jest told you hasn't been proved an' it hasn't been disproved nuther."

"Let's prove it!" shouted all three boys at once.

"I guess there's no harm trying to prove it, but how? Just tell me how we can?" questioned Tom, called "Pudge" because he was so fat. "We haven't even got a way to get to Thompson's farm. You know yourself that it's about ten miles from nowhere and that the rattle-ty-bang old ghost doesn't walk until midnight."

"We could and we will," answered Bob with determination.

"I'll get the grub," yelled Pudge.

The boys had been listening to old Mac Weatherby, known to all the citizens of Roseville as "Uncle Mac," tell stories. He had been telling them that old Grandpa Thompson's ghost went about at midnight in his old farm counting the money that his son had invested foolishly. At midnight he would drop the money with a crash and a jangle of gold and silver coins, and then escape through the bay window of the parlor.

Bob, Pudge, and Jack, after receiving permission from their parents, gathered their equipment and started off on what Jack called their overnight picnic.

It was about quarter of twelve by Bob's big silver watch and the three boys were dozing before the dying fire in the open fireplace of the ancient parlor, waiting for something to happen.

"Say," yawned Bob, sleepily, "I saw a dandy pile of wood at the foot of the cellar stairs as we came in. Just the thing to start our fire with in the morning. Might as well get it now. It's pretty near time for the ghost to count his money you know, so you'd better stay awake." Bob picked up his flash light and started down the stairs.

The two younger boys heard him groping his way down the steep stairway and then, crash! and a muffled scream of "Help! Save me," came from below. Next came the sound of a heavy object falling and the jangle of some metal on the hard floor of the cellar.

Jack stood by, pale and trembling, and too frightened to move while Pudge turned all colors and yelled, "Help! help! help!" over and over again at the top of his lungs.

The dragging footsteps were heard coming up the stairs. This was too horrible. Both boys ran in panic to the door.

"Wait," it was Bob standing at the top of the stairway, "I tripped on the stairs and knocked over a tool box with some nails and

other things in it. Hurt my ankle some too," he explained briefly, and then seeing the bewildered faces of the younger boys he said, "Say, you didn't think Grandpa Thompson had me did you?"

The next month a distant relative of Roseville's ghost came to make a home of the old farm for his family. As for the ghost himself, he must have given up hope of recovering his money and gone to his grave to rest until his bones should crumble, for he was never heard of or seen again.

Helen Ricker, 8-1.

### HIS GREATEST TREASURES

"Rain! Rain! Rain! What's the matter with this weather anyway? Can't we have the sun out once in a while? Can't we?"

"Don't look at me! I am not the weather man," cried my roommate. "If I could make the sun shine, I'd have had it out yesterday for the garden show!"

With a moan I dropped into the easy chair by the fire and stared gloomily at my roommate. She too was an orphan and was also the same age as myself. Again I said to myself that we were as unlike as a pineapple and a grapefruit.

While she was light and small, I was tall. Her pale golden curls were wound around her shapely head. My hair which was a nuisance, was short and as curly as Charly's. Her features were small and regular, while my nose was a problem to me, so short and stubby! Ugh!

"Oh, gosh, Charly, what shall I do?" I moaned. Dragging myself to the window, I glared at the steady downpour of rain.

"Listen, Cara, are you afraid of this rain? No? Well then do me a favor, put on your hat and coat and galoshes and get out and exercise yourself. You're driving me silly, acting like an idiot, moaning and sighing. Go on! Don't stare at me. Hurry!"

Jumping up she pulled my tam over my head, stuck my coat in my hands and marched me out of our room. With a resounding slam, the door closed in my face.

For a minute I stared at the door. Then with a shrug I pulled on my coat and started to descend the stairs. Incidentally, there were four flights.

Upon the second floor I ran into Mrs. Flint, the landlady. "Good morning, Miss Platts," she greeted me, with a beaming

smile.

I stopped short and rudely frowned at her. "I am not Miss Charlotte Platts, I am Cara Melrose!" I replied.

Her small eyes opened as wide as they possibly could, which wasn't much! "Oh, I am so sorry, Miss Melrose." I didn't recognize that it was you. My, but don't you and Miss Platts look alike!"

"Good morning!" I nearly bellowed at her and marched down the stairs. "The silly, old thing. What's the matter with her anyway?" I grumbled as I stepped into the rain and started walking.

\* \* \*

"Dum-dum-tee-dem—" With a thud I bounded onto the top of the stairs. Just as I pulled off my tam and made for our door, it opened and an elderly man stepped out. He brushed past me and disappeared down the stairs.

I sprang to the door, pushed it open, and pounced on Charly, who was standing in front of the fire-place staring thoughtfully into the flames. "What's the man doing here?" I gasped.

"My new employer," came the calm reply.

"Your new employer?" I echoed. "What do you mean?"

"If you sit down and stop shouting at me I may be able to tell you."

After I had settled myself comfortably she began—

"The man that just left is Mr. Emerson, the assistant director of the First Crown Filming Co. He happened to see my photograph in a newspaper last week and said that if I could make it, I had a chance in his new picture. I have just signed a contract and tomorrow I am sending in my resignation to Mr. Johnson. I start work next week. Well, what have you got to say about it?"

For a minute I stared at her, then I flung my arms around her and hugged her from sheer joy.

"Golly! What do you know about that? Hurrah! Hurrah! for Charly Platts!" I shouted as I danced around the room.

"Hush, oh please do hush," came the excited whisper from Charly.

"I can just see you in beautiful clothes and jewelry—climbing, climbing, climbing, till you're the finest actress in the world!" I exclaimed.

"Aren't you counting the chickens before they are hatched?" Charly inquired mischievously.

"Nope! I know you're going to succeed. By the way, who is the highest director of this company?"

"I don't know," she said in a puzzled tone, "But let's look in the contract, his name has to be in that."

With our heads together we pored over the contract. "Here is it!" Charly exclaimed. Mr. Charles Chapmont; Superior Director of the First Crown Filming Co."

Suddenly the silence after her words was broken by the donging of the dinner bell. With a shout we pushed the contract under a pillow and ran for the dining room.

\* \* \*

Six months—six whole months had passed by and Charly was progressing rapidly in her picture. When Mr. Emerson had suggested that she bob her hair, she had flatly refused. As she received her pay monthly we had moved into a more fashionable and comfortable flat. We had regular meals and new and fashionable clothes. Charly made friends very quickly and we always had company.

One day I had just finished shopping, when a woman who had been watching me closely exclaimed to her friend, "Why that's the new actress, Charlotte Platts, you know—the one Margie was talking about. If I had a pencil and some paper I'd ask her for her autograph; but I haven't them. Have you?"

Before I could hear more I slipped by her and headed for home. I determined to rush home for the purpose of looking into a mirror to see what made people think I was sometimes Charly.

\* \* \*

One rainy afternoon, sometime after Charly had finished her picture, we were at home with nothing to do and were getting on each other's nerves, when suddenly the bell rang. I opened the door and a delivery boy brought in some large packages for Charly.

"Something for you," I called.

"Oh, it must be my dresses!" She opened the packages and took out two dresses of exquisite and fashionable design. I gasped.

"I wore them in my picture and they looked so becoming on me that I bought them. Come on in the bedroom and we'll try

them on. I want to see how you'll look in them too!"

Dumbly I followed her. First she put on the pale yellow, pleated chiffon. A large yellow straw hat and a yellow straw sandals completed the ensemble.

"You look perfectly beautiful!" I cried.

After surveying herself in the long mirror, she slipped on a Japanese kimona and ordered me to get ready to try on her new clothes.

A feverish few minutes followed and then she led me to the long mirror on the wall in the living room. My eyes opened to twice their usual size.

"Why—why—Charlotte!" I whispered.

"Why I do believe I look pretty good."

"Pretty good! Why you're marvelous! I bet you could double for me if your hair wasn't bobbed."

"Charlotte!" I cried. "Why—" Rrring! The door bell interrupted me.

"Oh what shall we do?" I moaned. "I can't answer the door dressed up like this and you can't dressed in your kimona. Oh, what shall we do?"

"You'll have to answer the door while I dress up. So hurry!" She pushed me to the door and fled into the bedroom closing the door after her.

I stepped to the door and opened it. A handsome, grey-headed man stepped in. "I believe you are Miss Platts," he said and then continued, "May I introduce myself? I am Mr. Charles Chapmont." He smiled at me and extended his hand. Surprise held me speechless.

Something looked familiar about him. It seemed to me that I had seen him somewhere before! But where? Where? Where had I seen him? The answer eluded me. I led him into the living room and removed my hat and gloves. His eyes rested upon my hair, a cry of amazement escaped his lips and he started from his chair.

"Why Miss Platts!" he exclaimed, "What have you done to your hair? Why—why it's cut."

Gravely I looked at him. Then I said, "Mr. Chapmont, I'm very sorry this had to happen; but you see I'm not Miss Platts. I'm Cara Melrose. Miss Platts is a very good friend of mine. As luck would have it Miss Platts and I resemble each other. This same mistake, I am sorry to say, has occurred before."

Excitedly Mr. Champont jumped up and paced the floor. He mumbled to himself—

“Cara—Cara—er-um Cara Melrose. Can it be? No it can’t! Melrose and Platts, hmm. It’s possible—the resemblance is uncanny.” Suddenly stopping short in front of me he said, “Miss Melrose, have you ever seen me before, do I resemble anyone you know? Look at me!”

I looked and stared and was about to say, “No,” when it flashed across my mind. The same deep blue eyes, the waving hair, the delicate nose, and strong chin. “Yes, you—you look like—like Charlotte!” With a triumphant cry he opened his wallet and extracted a small picture. He handed it to me and watched me closely. I looked at it. A picture of a beautiful woman with a short snub nose. Unruly short curly hair crowned her small head. I clutched the picture in one hand and with the other opened my small souvenir box and took out a small miniature. It was the one and only thing I had to remind me that once upon a time I had relatives, my mother’s picture and my own side by side. I realized with a shock, they were the same.

“That woman was my wife before she died. I was left with my two five-year old daughters. As I was very ill after her death, I went on a southern tour leaving my children with a maiden aunt. During my trip she died and upon returning home I found my children gone. There was not a trace of their whereabouts. I searched and searched; but never found them. About two months ago I saw the picture Miss Platts played in and her resemblance to myself was noticed by some friends of mine. I came here with a tiny spark of hope that perhaps she was my daughter. Instead I found you! I am almost sure you are one of my daughters, and I hope that she is the other.”

I called Charlotte and after the story was told to her she went into the bedroom and returned with a locket containing a picture of my mother. “Then Mr. Flint and that woman in the store and you, Mr. Champont, were right in mistaking me for Charlotte. We are twin sisters! Oh, I am so glad!” I cried.

“I think my happiness is much greater than yours, my dear child, because you see fifteen years ago the good Lord took away my greatest treasures and left me with a lot of useless money. But today I have them

back.”

“And your greatest treasures are—,” prompted Charlotte.

“My greatest treasures are my daughters, Charlotte and Cara Champont,” said my father in a low whisper.

Elene Marchese, 8-1.

### “SEQUOIA”

“Sequoia” is the story of a strange friendship between a mountain lion and a deer. It is based on the novel “Malibu” by Vance Hoyt.

The story opens in the great forests in California where Toni Martin and her father lived a quiet and normal life. Mr. Martin, a famous writer, decided to write a story about the two pets which Toni had found while walking through the forest one day. These pets were still very young and timid. “Gato,” the young mountain lion, was dark and strong, while “Malibu” the young fawn was light and his legs were just beginning to get strong. A year passed and Toni had tried to fool all laws of nature by bringing up two such animals together. As Bob Alden, a forest ranger, had said, “The instinct of the puma is to kill. Deer are his natural prey.” Toni found that the first part of this statement was true when she discovered that “Gato” had been stealing chickens from a nearby cabin.

Toni, with her father’s persuasion, finally turned “Gato” and “Malibu” loose in the forest and there said good-bye to her pets. As it was winter, Toni and her father went to the city where she attended parties and picture shows. All this time Toni had not forgotten her two friends in the lonely woods. In the spring Toni and her father, whose story had proved a great success, went back to their cabin because the publishers of “The Story of the Strange Friendship” wanted Mr. Martin to write a sequel. On her arrival and to Toni’s great surprise, she found that “Gato” and “Malibu” were still friends. Bob Alden, who had become a steady caller of Toni’s, soon found himself in love with her and she returned his love in much the same way.

As we leave this great story which has been made into a film, we think of the wonderful and exciting friendship between the mountain lion and the deer and of the wonderful way in which it was put into a film.

Clifford Dyson, 9-3.

# ATHLETICS

## SOCCER

Soon after school opened there came a call for soccer players. This was answered by a number of boys who reported to Mr. Farrell for practice. After several weeks of practice a fine team was produced by Mr. Farrell.

The boys played their only game with South winning by the score of 2 to 1.

The boys who carried the Green and White colors were: A. Mitchelson, B. Wishart, J. Quinn, G. Comi, J. Beers, W. Frazer, C. Kilrain, J. Conran, W. Ferguson, G. Page, R. Graham, W. Carnathan, A. Brown, and H. Miller.

Fred Allen, 9-1.

## HARVARD AND NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME

On Monday, November 11, Mr. Prario called the winning teams of soccer and touch football, and the touch football school team and told them that the Kiwanis Club was going to take sixty boys from Point, along with sixty more from another section of the city to the Harvard-New Hampshire game.

The following Saturday we met in back of the Adams Academy, were given tickets, and assigned to private cars.

When we arrived at Soldiers' Field, we found seats in the stands and watched the teams practice. Before the game started, both bands came on the field. The New Hampshire Band was attired in blue sweaters and white flannels; while the Harvard Band was attired in red and white. The game started and it was pretty good for the first quarter, but afterwards Harvard began to run away with New Hampshire and the score stood 19 to 3 when the whistle blew ending the half.

The second half started with one of the Harvard backs catching the kick-off. He ran it through for a touchdown. From then on Harvard was all over the field scoring points left to right. When the whistle blew ending the game, the score stood 47 to 3 in favor of Harvard.

We went back to our cars and headed back for Quincy, tired but happy.

Fred Allen, 9-1.

## QUINCY-BROCKTON GAME

On Saturday, November 24, 1934, a spectacular game was played between Quincy and Brockton High Schools. The game was held at the Keith Memorial Field in Brockton.

Brockton had a more superior team and so won the game. The score was Brockton 25; Quincy 0.

Norman Haley, 9-1.

## BASKETBALL

With the approach of winter came the basketball season, and many boys turned to that sport. Every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday afternoon there were class games. After these games a short practice was held for all boys wishing to form a school team. After many weeks of hard practice under the watchful eyes of Mr. Call and Mr. Ballou, a school team was formed.

The boys who played for Point were: J. Beers, F. Raneri, F. Giachetti, A. Emery, R. McCollum, N. Dandria, L. Moscadelli, J. McWilliams, W. McKay and F. DeSantis.

Point played South twice, the Alumni, and the Faculty—losing only to the Faculty by a close score.

Fred Allen, 9-1.

## FACULTY GAME

The annual faculty game took place in our gym on February 12, 1935.

Everything went well, with the school orchestra offering many selections. The co-operation of the teachers and the pupils added much to making the game a pleasant one.

This was the most exciting game of the season with a score of forty to twenty-eight.

Among the players were:

Teachers:

Miss Walton

Miss Winer

Miss Moles

Miss Hayden

(Subs)

Peggy Carmody

Mary Dolan

Girls' Team:

Susie Peccor

Josephine Marmino

Julia DeChristopher

Helen Papile

Lillian Russell

Substitutes:

Clara Kapsis

Gertrude Kapsis

Margaret McKim

Isabel Hajjar

Dorothy Norrie, 9-7.



CLASS OF 8-1



CLASS OF 8-3

### YTLUCAF EMAG

The men teachers and the boys' basketball team played in the gymnasium.

The teachers who played were as follows:

Mr. Prario  
Mr. Call  
Mr. Ballou  
Mr. Poland  
Mr. Evans  
Mr. Terry

It was a close game all the way through, but the faculty won with a score of forty-one to thirty-six.

Jack Bowes, 9-1.

### JUNIOR HIGH TOURNAMENT

The fast traveling Point teams took every place in the Junior High Tournament at the Senior High gym. The purpose of this tournament was so that Coach Jimmie LeCain of the High basketball team could see what kind of material he was getting from the Junior High Schools of Quincy.

Captain Jack Beers and his team captured first place, to become the champs of the ninth grade teams. Ralph Graham, captain of another team in the ninth grade, proved the worth of his team by winning the consolation, by a score of 18 to 10.

Captain Freddie DeSantes with the co-operation of his team won the championship of the eighth grade teams.

The seventh grade team of our school won the championship for the seventh grades by a large score, making it a great day for the Quincy Point Junior High School.

John McClure, 9-6.

### BASEBALL

About the end of April the baseball fever hit the United States and everyone turned to that sport. It also hit Quincy Point and many boys caught the fever. Class games were started at Fore River field. After the games, a practice was held for all boys wishing to form a representative team. After two weeks of practice, a team was formed.

The boys who represented Point in America's grand old game were: R. McDonald, C. Kilrain, J. Quinn, H. Cain, G. Creutz, R. Graham, F. Raneiri, J. Evangelisto, F. Giachetti and R. McCollum.

When this article went to press, Point had played three games—winning two and losing one.

Fred Allen, 9-1.

### TRACK MEET

On Wednesday, March 22, 1935, an Interscholastic meet was held for the four junior highs at the Oval. The stars of the meet were: Huggins of North, Smith of Central, and Vernon Levinson of Point. The meet was a very close one between Central and North, with North winning by the score of 21 to 20. Point followed with 8 points and South trailed with 5.

Fred Allen, 9-1.



## CLASS WILL



We, the class of 1935, having been heretofore examined by doubtful parties and having been declared partly sane and duly responsible for all things acted upon by us, herewith list our bequests to parties whom we believe deserving of reward. Whereas, we believe that the teachers have done their best to help us, and whereas, we believe the coming 9th grade will profit by the advice of experienced old campaigners we leave:

Miss Leighton: A magnet which will attract rubber so that she will not lose her erasers.

Mr. Poland: Five dollars in pennies and some extra slugs to jingle in his pockets when he is talking.

Miss Arnold: Twelve dozen eggs for her refreshment stand in Maine.

Mr. Prario: A few more civic projects in Marshfield with which to illustrate his talks.

Mrs. Berthold: An endless chain with a reverse motor to carry music books in and out of rows in assemblies and chorus.

Miss Tower: A player piano.

Miss Birge: A class that will appreciate the literary value of "A Man without a Country."

Miss Foy: A set of robots to work in the cafeteria.

Miss Scriptor: A new set of songs to sing to her penmanship classes.

Miss D. Weeden: A mechanical device which will automatically write out all excuses submitted by pupils not wishing to take setting-up-drill.

Mr. Evans: An annex to Room 15 to keep his menagerie and aquarium.

Miss Steinbrenner: A book of specially prepared scenes from "The Spy."

Miss DiPanfilo: A gym class of girls where nobody wishes to be excused.

Miss Titecomb: Longer periods so she will not have to preach about minutes being wasted.

Mr. Call: A pen which will write "A's" on report cards with no effort on his part.

Miss Russell: A set of immovable desks and chairs so that she will not have to stop in the middle of a period to have them straightened.

Miss Walton: A smock which has more buttons on it, so that when she comes in every morning each member of the staff will have a button to fasten.

Miss Mahoney: A clock to record how many lines from Shakespeare's writings she recites a day.

Miss Coughlin: A seventh grade study group to imitate the ninth grade study groups.

Mrs. Treco: A dozen platforms to give the shorter traffic officers height.

Miss Kirby: A machine that will actually count and locate every commercial arithmetic book in the school.

Miss E. Weeden: Frances Kramer leaves her recently published book entitled "Intricacies of Math."

Miss Moles: A streamlined ~~car~~ or her auto to bring it up to date.

Miss Haley: An electric eye that will assist her in keeping proper light in her dark room.

Miss Manchester: Another person as dependable as Dennis Hurley.

Miss Bearman: Automatic ink fillers to fill inkwells so no boys will waste time doing it.

Mr. Ballou: Some modern dance steps for the ninth grade dancing classes.

Miss Winer: A machine that will quote: "Please stop talking."

Miss Blakney: An electric sign that will flash, "The verb 'to be' never takes an object," to her Latin classes.

Mr. Terry: A radio for his car so he will not have to go in other teachers' cars to listen at lunch time.

Coming ninth grade: All our good qualities and wonderful examples of quietness in the corridors which we hope they will live up to.

### Witnesses:

Jack Benny,

Joe Penner,

Nick Parkyakakas,

Eddie Cantor.

Notary: Nira Blue Eagle.

Signed: Class of 1935.



## CLASS PROPHECY



It was in the summer of 1945 that the president of the New York Bank, John Evangelista, gave me a month's vacation. I planned a trip across the country. As I walked towards the Quincy station a taxi pulled up to the curb and I heard a familiar voice say, "Taxi, Lady?" I turned and saw Douglas Broadford, an old classmate of mine. As we drove to the station, he told me that Isabel Hajjar and Dennis Hurley were chief librarians in the Boston Public Library, and that Jack Bowes had just started an insurance business in Boston. I boarded the train and sat down beside none other than "Kinky" Conran, and our conversation drifted to former classmates. I learned that Rose Rogers was a famous marathon dancer, that Jack Beers was head coach at Princeton, and that Esther Girten was a famous surgeon in a Boston hospital.

We stopped at Boston and who should board the train but the well-known radio announcer, Fred Allen. He was overjoyed at seeing us and we learned that he would be able to go as far as Washington with us. He had a newspaper with him, and as we glanced over the sport page we saw that Barbara Cashen had just swum the English Channel, and that because Henry Antonius had broken his leg the New York Giants would suffer a great loss. We glanced out of the window and saw a sign on a billboard announcing that Lucille Bonani was scheduled to sing some of the songs which had made her famous at the Metropolitan Theatre which was owned by Annette Beaujolin. Our first stop was Washington, and we were wishing we could get off for a while, but we could not. We said good-bye to Fred.

We turned on the radio and Ida Capone, the female Floyd Gibbons, was giving the news. It told of William Ferguson, the aviator, who is dizzy because he has done so many tail spins; of Billy Ash who owns a peanut industry and does a very good business; of Maurice DeBella who is touring the country giving lectures on "Why Children Should Like to Go to School," and of Bernadette Buckley who is a dietitian in a school for middle-aged women. We then turned to another station and heard the famous opera singer, Claire Brick. Next on the program was Julia DeChristopharo talking about

poetry. As we turned off the radio, Dr. Harold Cain and his nurse, Ruth Hayward, passed through the recreation room.

Our next stop was Richmond, Virginia, where the train took on freight, so we decided to get off for a while. A new station was being built under the direct supervision of Billy Carnathan. We chatted a while and he told us he had to lay off "Iggie" Gardner and "Buddy" Haley, for throwing rivets at the people passing by, and Jeanette Greene, Frances Jenkins, Paul Happel, and Alfred Collela would have sued them only they were classmates. "Kinky" wanted to buy some toys for his son so we asked Billy if there was a toy shop around and he directed us to one. We were surprised to find that it was owned by Ted Hindmarsh and Sons. After Anna DiAntonio had waited on us we hurried back to the train. On entering Savannah, Georgia, the porter told us that passengers could get off the train for an hour. We decided to go to some little tea room and have lunch. We ordered biscuits, cakes, and tea. We found that the biscuits were so tasty that we called the proprietor who happened to be Catherine Foley and so we forgot about complimenting her on the biscuits and talked about "old times."

She mentioned having Adeline Igo and Clara Kapsis for her assistants and Antoinette DiTullio as head waitress. The orchestra, directed by Frances Kramer, began to play the popular song, "Dreamland." Alice Sandford, the girl with the tenor voice, sang. Since we did not have very much time, we said good-bye.

As we sauntered down the street we met Tony Cirillo who told us that he was managing one of the leading hotels in the city. He was in a hurry, so we did not detain him. We came to the hotel and decided to go in to see what it was like. We were met by a smiling clerk, none other than Clinton Arsenault, and he assented to show us around the hotel. We learned that Alfred Audette had built the hotel, and that it employed Walter Anderson as a very good accountant.

Later we boarded the train, and I was very tired. I glanced at a magazine and I found that Gertrude Kapsis was ambassador

to Japan. On the next page I found a valuable column in which Gerard Creutz gave financial advice to investors. The picture on the next page showed Jeanette Jackson trying to imitate Zazu Pitts. On the next page was the Lovelorn column written by Sabatina Chiminello. The last few pages were devoted to music and debating. From these pages I learned that Rose Giglio was a famous debater and Elena DiScullio, a renowned musician.

The next stop was Tampa, Florida, and the train was moving into the station. As I got off the train whom should I see but Mildred Foy. She invited me to a fashion show she was having in an hour. I rushed to the flying field to charter the fastest plane for New York. From there I went to the beauty shop where Patricia Curry was a beauty surgeon. Patricia told me that Bella Fragaer and Helen Romanowsky were teachers in a school for girls at Miami. I then proceeded to the fashion show, where Mildred and I got good seats. As the models came on the stage I recognized Dorothy Arsenault, Betty Dorley, Bertha Hunt, and Myrtle Holmgren, old classmates of mine. Mildred told me Eleanor Hogg was the fashion designer and Charlotte Downs illustrated their fashion books. As it was getting late, I took leave, and as I passed a department store I remembered I wanted to make a few purchases. I went into the store and while there I talked to John Jacaterino, the proprietor, Thomas Keeley who had charge of the hardware department, and Camillo Della Barba who sold shoes, and Henry Bonani who had charge of the music department. I then caught the plane and arrived at New York in six hours. I reserved rooms at a convenient hotel and being very tired went to bed.

The next morning I breakfasted in the dining room of my hotel. While I was waiting to be served, I picked up the morning paper and the glaring headlines were, "Mary McDernott Wins First Prize as World's Greatest Heart Breaker."

Having an hour and a half before the plane was to leave, I strolled along Fifth Avenue. One of the first things that I saw was Lorne Wilson's large modernistic hosiery corporation. In the windows were beautiful drawings drawn by the world famous commercial artist, Eleanor Poulus. To my astonishment, when I entered the store, George Gould was one of

the floorwalkers. I was sold several pairs of stockings by Rita Lancy, a saleslady. She told me that Jennie Graceffa and Emily Mandelli were modeling in the store. She also told me that Elizabeth Kelly and Marjorie Johnson owned an exclusive store. After leaving the store my attention was drawn to a theatre by a huge sign with blinking lights which read, "Kurlansky's Variety Show." Upon inquiring I learned that it was owned by Manual Kurlansky.

I now hurried down to the airport where I met Margaret Sandford and Priscilla Pinel who said they were going to Hollywood to design a home for the newest "Romeo of Hollywood," Jack Cappobianca. They informed me that on their last trip there they had met William Spillaine who is taking Charlie Chase's place in comedies. Before we could get into the airplane we were accosted by a peanut and popcorn man who, to our astonishment, was William Frazer. We boarded the airplane and were given comfortable seats by two air hostesses who were Hilda Petzolt and Angelena Pompeo. I asked for something for my slight cold and they gave me a box of coughdrops. I found that they were produced by Gordon Lauder's firm and were made in six delicious flavors, chocolate, strawberry, raspberry, orange, lemon, and lime. I heard that the plane had been designed by Lawrence Higgs. A book called "Such Is Life" written by Vernon Levinson, was presented to us. As I was watching the scenery flash by beneath us I saw a large United States battleship which had been designed by Richard Sager. We were immediately reminded of Lester Sprague who is well on his way toward an exalted position in the Navy. We turned on the radio and we heard Otis Wood, star reporter, giving the Yankee Network News Flashes. Among his reports were these items: Frances Raneri's big league team of baseball on which John McWilliams is pitching has ten chances to one to win the pennant this year. Alex Mitchellson has just been elected to the Senate by a great majority. Fred Rolfe, the giant geologist, has just discovered gold in his backyard. He ended his broadcast with, "Visit the night club owned by Nan Manly and Phyllis McDonald and see those two sentimental Hawaiians, Margaret and Sarah McLarnon. See Sophie Messina in her internationally famous ballet dance."

We turned off the radio and started to gossip.

"How are things back at Point?" inquired Priscilla.

"Fine," I answered. "Did you know that David Sternberg is the communistic Mayor of Quincy and that Julia Leonard is taking Miss Manchester's place at Point? And Margaret Smith and Gladys Kewn are librarians at the Public Library?"

"My, how our classmates have progressed," said Margaret. "I've heard that George Lusk is now consultant to his dearly beloved uncle in Greece."

Priscilla said that she visited Till Simon's kindergarten school and found it very successful. She said that Eleanor Faiella was a teacher there.

"John Quinn is a chemistry teacher and Maurice Layons teaches Latin at Harvard," I remarked.

"And Warren Burrel now owns a race track," Priscilla added, "and Evelyn Grant and Philomena Mincone have formed a partnership in their cattle ranches. Oh, yes, and did you know that Hector Pimentel was bitten by a spider as he was overseeing the unloading of one of his fruit ships, which had just arrived from South America? He would have died if it had not been for his competent nurse, Dorothy Vincent."

Then the plane landed and our conversation stopped. As soon as we left the plane we noticed a large, luxurious, streamlined car and who should step out of it but Melvin Silver. My, he must have done well in this world! But in answer to our inquiries he informed us that he was just an automobile salesman and was just selling the car. He offered to drive us where we were going and I accepted his invitation. Margaret and Priscilla declined because they were going to leave on the next plane for California. I drove to a beauty shop where Hilda Johnson gave me a shampoo and wave, and Fatima Hassan gave me a manicure. I checked in at a hotel and dined there. Then I went to a theatre. To my delight Lillian Russell, who always showed her love for dramatics and music, was playing opposite John McClure in their latest musical hit. In a short comic picture Frank Giachetti and Ralph McCollum were the leading comedians. I enjoyed the show very much. While I was leaving the theatre I saw John McManus in *Sherlock*

Holmes fashion snooping around the lobby. I learned that he was a great criminologist who had just been hired to find "The Lost Chord." I then went to a restaurant for supper. Rose Mariano was there as a waitress and she told me that Maureen McKenna was the dietitian.

After paying my bill to the cashier, I returned to my hotel and proceeded to enjoy a quiet evening. On turning on the radio I found that a good musical program, which was sponsored by Zita McKeon's ballroom dancing school was going on. Ralph Graham was singing in his beautiful tenor voice. I had just sat down to read when someone knocked at the door. I found that it was Hyman Kurtzman who was selling tooth brushes. He told me that Louis Gray owned a laundry in Texas and that Margaret Griffin and Margaret McKim both became nurses after all. Before I retired I went down to the lobby to have a letter written by the hotel stenographer who turned out to be Rose Gillis. When she finished my letter I returned to my apartment and prepared to retire.

The next morning I decided that I would make a tour of the Middle West. I packed my bags and was soon on a train headed for Chicago. The conductor, John Dialogue, came and chatted for a while with me. I wanted a paper so he sent for Sam De Cross who was selling papers and magazines on that train. The first thing that caught my eye was an account of the spectacular flight of James White around the globe with Henry Devaney. They broke the record which Charles Pitman and Fred Dorley had previously made. I also read an interesting article on the hockey game between the Bruins and Cubs. Billy Wishart saved the game by his daring plays in spite of the efforts of James Oldroyd. Arriving in Chicago I went into a smart tea room and was surprised to be waited on by none other than Mary Burke. She informed me that the tea room was run by Elsie Nimmo and Ethel Robinson. After having tea I had said good-bye and still had a few hours to spare so I went to a theatre and saw a thrilling film called "In African Wilds" starring Garnett Powers and Loretta Di Gravio, directed by Myles Conaghan. I also saw a short film showing the fashions of the year designed by Clifford Dyson. One of the loveliest models was Ruth Wilson. I went to my hotel to retire for the evening then.



**STAGECRAFT CLUB**  
**7th GRADE HANDCRAFT CLUB**

The next evening I went to a perfumer's and bought a compact which had the Ellen Walton unbreakable mirror in it. Marjorie Canfield, the saleslady, told me it was the latest thing. On my way home I saw a group of school children going on a hike, escorted by their English teachers, Ruth Slaven and Florene Foy. Ruth told me that Marion Romano and Marjorie Burns were secretaries to James Quinn, president of the Chicago Trust Company. I bade them good-bye and went to my hotel to get ready to go to the bank. At the hotel I was pestered by a Fuller Brush man, Paul Di Pesa. He said he had a new type of brush invented by John Brown. The hotel clerk, Victor Fontana, said I had received a telegram. It was from Marion saying she would show us around the bank at one o'clock. At the bank I met Roland Proulx and Leslie Franceer. They said they had just left the president's office. I went in and John was dictating as fast as he could to someone whose back was facing me. said, "The Adeline Shoppe of which Dolly

**REPORTERS' CLUB**  
**STUDENT COUNCIL**

When she turned I saw to my surprise, Yvonne Doucette. She told me that she was taking Louise Wilding's place, as Louise was on a vacation. Yvonne also told me that Americo Di Rado had invented a new kind of radio which, on pushing a button, would broadcast your comment. Yvonne's hair had just been set and I asked her where she had it done. She Principe is proprietor."

I went to this shop and had my hair set. While sitting under the drier a newspaper clipping caught my eye. There, sure enough, it said that Russell Belcher, the owner of a small department store, had suddenly become rich and now owned one of the largest department stores in the city. Helen Papile, one of the hair dressers, was giving a marcel to Geraldine Cleaves. I talked to them until my hair was dry. Gerry told us that Mary Regan and Dorothy Norrie had recently produced a doughnut without a hole and they were having them on display at the "World's Fair." I then left for my hotel to pack my bags so that

I could get the evening train to Salt Lake City. The taxi driver, Sidney Donaldson, made good time. I was going to take a taxi driven by Nicholas Dandria but his had an occupant. Aboard the train I went to the dining car for supper. I gave my order to Rita St. John and she sent it out by Eleanor Smith, who had grown considerably since we last saw her.

Upon my arrival at Salt Lake City I was so warm that I decided to take a dip. I saw Louis Moscardelli sitting in the guard chair when all of a sudden a scream of fright startled me. Louis was off at once to save the person in distress. When he brought her ashore she was unconscious and after pushing my way through the crowd, which had gathered, I found out that Josephine Mormino was the victim and Susie Pepee was applying first aid. I immediately turned my attention to a man who was about to make a fifty foot dive; it was Bernard Paolucci who was the Olympic star of last year. Theodore Pilalis had been his most dangerous rival. Upon returning to my hotel I had supper and spent the rest of the evening reading. I read a poem entitled "Spring" written by Isabel Scott. At ten I retired for a long sleep.

When I awoke the sun was shining and it was an ideal day. After breakfast I dressed and went out. In the lobby of the hotel I met Ruth Silver who said that she and Ruth Wainhouse were nurses at the Mills Hospital. Luigi Mincone was the head doctor and was very famous for his operations on the brain. I went to pack my bags, for we were to get the evening train home. It was quite early so I went into a restaurant, and after lunch I took a taxi to the station. At the station I purchased a ticket and learned from the ticket agent that the next train would not come in until eight o'clock. It was now only five, so I went to a concert. I heard many beautiful selections played by orchestras and bands. The final song was announced and I could not believe my ears when the announcer said it was composed by John Tropea and would be played by his band. The concert being over, I had an hour to idle away so I walked down to a stationery store to get paper so that I could write to my friends. I purchased the paper and was looking at the books when I came across a dictionary which was devoted to the longer words in our language. It was published by Grace Sanborn and illustrated by Camella

Pompeo, with a special section on birds written by the famous taxidermist, William Noonan. This was all I had time for, for I nearly missed my train looking at the dictionary. I reached by destination and found a suitable hotel. Fatigued by the journey, I immediately prepared for bed.

It seemed as if I had just dozed off when I was awakened by a confusion of noises and some one yelling, "Fire! Fire! Help! Fire!"

I roused myself sufficiently to realize the situation. Evidently the hotel was on fire. I grabbed my bathrobe and crammed on my slippers. Someone pounded on the door. On opening it I found a very frightened and disheveled young man. "The lower end of the hotel is on fire. You'll have to get out," he cried, and with a shove I was pushed into a crowd of shrieking people.

However, I soon found that my companion was leading me towards the servants' stairs, and we finally managed to get out of the building. Outside the clanging of bells was sweeping over the district. Until now I had no chance to thank the young man. When I looked at him closely he looked familiar. He was William McDonald from Quincy Point Junior High School. We exchanged greetings and I found out he was a musician in Anthony Di Nicola's orchestra.

By now the fire engines had arrived and the fire chief was directing his men skillfully. He was bellowing in a voice that sounded familiar. Upon looking closer at him I discovered it was Allan Rolfe. The fire was finally extinguished but so much damage had been done that most of the patrons went to another hotel.

I decided, upon the suggestion of William, to go to a little overnight camp just outside the city, where I could find peace and quiet. When I reached the camp I found that June Tobey, the famous dietitian, was there ahead of me. I told June about the fire and explained that I was going to Hollywood to take Louella Parson's place. The camp was owned by Ann Looby who had several of them throughout the country. June and I took a cabin together so that we could talk over old times.

I learned that Donald McKeen owned a finance corporation and was doing quite a business; that Armati Maligno was writing a book entitled "Why Teachers Have Gray Hair"; that John Broadford was an explorer of the

*(Continued on Page 40)*



NINTH GRADE

## CLASS C

Allen, Fred, 9-1, "Town Hall"

Stagecraft Club, Football, Basketball, Club President.

"Oh, my head!"

Anderson, Walter C., 9-5, "Swede"

Soccer.

"He is a very good hater."

Antonius, A. Henry, 9-1, "Hen"

Study, Basketball, Soccer.

"It is a bad plan that admits no modification."

Arsenault, Clinton, 9-5, "Buddy"

Book Boy for 9-5 Civics Class.

"Labor for his pains."

Arsenault, Dorothy Louise, 9-1, "Dot"

Glee Club, Music Festival.

"How well I feathered my nest."

Ash, Billy B., 9-5, "Shrimp"

Stagecraft club, Treasurer, Soccer.

"We boil at different degrees."

Audette, Alfred, 9-5, "Al"

Art Club, Soccer, Tag Football, Basketball.

"If you wish me to weep, you yourself must feel grief."

Beers, Jack T., 9-5, "Jack"

Glee Club, Soccer, Football, Basketball.

"Hold the fort! I am coming."

Belcher, Russell, 9-3, "Russ"

Secretary of Class of 9-3, Want-To-Read-It-Club.

"O bed! O bed! Delicious bed!"

Bonani, Henry, 9-5, "Rico"

Glee Club.

"He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

Bonani, Lucille, 9-5, "Lu"

Glee Club.

"The very pink of perfection."

Bowes, John Henry, 9-1, "Jack"

Journalism Club, Soccer, Basketball, Orchestra, Music Festival.

"He had talents equal to business and aspired no higher."

Brick, Claire, 9-5, "Cluck"

Reporters' Club, Here and There Editor, Class Team.

"Thou foster child of Silence and Slow Time."

Broadford, John, 9-8,

Art Club, Touch Football.

"I wish I could call back yesterday and not waste my time."

Brown, Ruth, 9-8

Club—Girls Novelty.

"I am the very pink of courtesy."



GRADE CLASS

## CENSUS

Brown, John, 9-3

Student Council, Treasurer of 9th grade Executive Committee.

"What a strange thing is man, and what a stranger is woman."

Buckley, Bernadette M., 9-1, "Bebe"

Home Room Vice-President, Girls' Leader Club Treasurer.

"Latin?—Don't bother me."

Burke, Mary, 9-3, "Burndy"

Glee Club, Library Staff

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

Burns, Marjorie, 9-3, "Marj"

Knitting Club.

"Sad, Sad to think that the year is all but done."

Burrell, Warren, 9-6, "War"

Soccer.

"It matters not how long you live, but how well."

Butts, Paul, 9-8

Dancing, Touch Football.

"Farewell, cruel world."

Cain, Harold A., 9-7, "Cainie"

Try-and-Make-It Club.

"Day after day, day after day."

Campbell, Virginia, 9-4, "Chickie"

Journalism Club.

"Doubt is brother devil to Despair."

Canfield, Marjorie, 9-3, "Toots"

Novelty Club.

"Nature fits all her children with something to do."

Capone, Ida O., 9-5, "Babe"

Novelty Club.

"Short is my date, but deathless my renown."

Cappabianca, Jack G., 9-2

Student Council, Lost and Found Dept., Baseball, "The light that lies in woman's eyes."

Carnathan, William, 9-5, "Billy"

Soccer, Basketball, Touch Football, School Soccer Team, Boys' Leaders.

"Thou animated torrid zone."

Caran, Kathleen A., 9-5, "Kay"

Debating Club, Captain of class basketball team, Club Vice President.

"A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge."

Cashen, Barbara M., 9-5, "Bab"

Painted Iron Novelty Club.

"Asleep in lap of legends old."

Chiminello, Sabatina Anne, 9-1, "Saba"  
 Glee Club, Music Festival.  
 "When the stars come out."

Ciullo, Tony, 9-5  
 Soccer, Basketball, Student Council.  
 "The march of the human mind is slow."

Colella, Alfred Francis, 9-1, "Cool"  
 Glee Club, Music Festival.  
 "Faint heart never won fair lady."

Conaghan, Myles, 9-3, "Buddy"  
 Orchestra, Science Club.  
 "Asleep in the lap of legends old."

Conran, Joseph R., 9-5, "Kinky"  
 Glee Club, Soccer, Class Secretary.  
 "Young fellows will be young fellows."

Corcoran, William, 9-4, "Bud"  
 Orchestra.  
 "Survival of the fittest."

Cleaves, Geraldine, 9-7, "Gerry"  
 Novelty Club, Basketball.  
 "I am slow of study."

Creutz, Gerard C., 9-1, "Jerry"  
 Journalism Club, Treasurer.  
 "This flea which I have in mine ear."

Curry, Patricia Frances, 9-1, "Pat"  
 Novelty Club.  
 "Others make a virtue of necessity."

Dandria, Nicholas, 9-3, "Nickey"  
 Art Club, Treasurer, Basketball.  
 "I'm saddest when I sing!"

DeChristopher, Julia A., 9-5, "Jule"  
 Leaders' Club, Basketball.  
 "Was ever a poet so trusted before?"

DeGrassie, Aldo, 9-8  
 Study Club.  
 "No good man ever grew rich all at once."

DeGravio, Loretta, 9-3, "Rita"  
 Orchestra, Knitting Club, Basketball.  
 "Music tells no truths."

Della Barba, Camillo, 9-5, "Spring Chicken"  
 Attendance keeper of 9-5, Soccer, Football, Study Club.  
 "There was never a good war or a bad peace."

DePusa, Edward G., 9-8  
 Dancing Club, Class Soccer.  
 "He is a man."

DePesa, Paul, 9-3, "Pat"  
 Dancing Club  
 "A good man possesses a kingdom."

Devaney, Henry A., 9-3, "Dip"  
 Glee Club, Vice President.  
 "Every man meets his Waterloo at last."

Dialogue, John, 9-3, "Johnny"  
 Dancing Club.  
 "On what strange stuff Ambition feeds."

DiAntonio, Anna, 9-5, "Annie"  
 Glee Club, Glee Club Secretary, Basketball, Baseball.  
 "Each man reaps his own farm."

DiBella, Maurice, 9-5, "Pies"  
 Soccer, Basketball, Vice President of Dancing Club.  
 "Like a dog, he hunts in dreams."

DeCross, Sam, 9-7, "Angus"  
 Debating Club, Soccer, Touch Football.  
 "Oh! that I had wings like a dove."

DiNicola, Anthony, 9-3, "DiNick"  
 Glee Club, Class Soccer.  
 "As merry as the day is long."

DiRado, Americo, 9-3, "Arm"  
 Dancing Club.  
 "And puts himself upon his good behavior."

DiSciullo, Elena, 9-1, "El"  
 Executive of 9-1, Orchestra, Novelty Club.  
 "Necessity has no lane."

Donaldson, Sidney B., 9-3, "Sid"  
 Leaders' Club, Class President, Executive Member.  
 "Whom the Gods love, die young, was said of yore."

Dorley, Elizabeth Ann, 9-1, "Betty"  
 Student Council.  
 "It is a world to see."

Dorley, Fred, 9-3, "Banty"  
 Try-and-Make-It Club.  
 "Young fellows will be young fellows."

Downs, Charlotte, 9-1, "Charl"  
 Art Club.  
 "Silence is golden."

Doucette Yvonne, 9-3, "Frenchi"  
 Glee Club, Basketball.  
 "Revolutions never go backward."

Dyson, Clifford C., 9-3, "Cliff"  
 Orchestra, Art Club.  
 "A healthy hatred of scoundrels."

Emery, Albert, 9-8, "Al"  
 Basketball.  
 "His cares are now all ended. Bang!"

Evangelista, John Ernest, 9-5, "Vangie"  
 Glee Club, President of Student Council, President of Class of 9-5, Basketball, Soccer, Touch Football, Baseball.  
 "None but himself can be his parallel."

Faiella, Eleanor, 9-2, "Fifi"  
 Painted Iron Novelty Club.  
 "The poetry of speech."

Ferguson, William, 9-5, "Fergy"  
 Leaders' Club, Soccer, Basketball, Football.  
 "I awoke one morning and found myself famous."

Ferris, Michael, 9-8, "Mike"  
 Dancing Club, Football.  
 "He was a boy."

Foley, N. Catherine, 9-5, "Kitty"  
 Traffic, Knitting club.  
 "Give me again my hollow tree."

Fontana, Victor, 9-3, "Vicky"  
 Leaders' Club.  
 "There's a good time coming, boys."

Ford, William, 9-8, "Bill"  
Dancing Club.  
"Patience is the best remedy for every trouble."

Foy, Mildred F., 9-5, "Moody"  
Painted Iron Novelty Club.  
"I am monarch of all I survey."

Foye, Florence M., 9-3, "Flossie"  
Novelty Club.  
"When found make a note of."

Fragaer, Bella, 9-1, "Bell"  
Leaders' Club, Slug Ball.  
"You shall never want hope enough."

Franner, Leslie, 9-3, "Les"  
Dancing Club.  
"In the great right of an excessive wrong."

Frazier, William J., 9-6, "Willie"  
Soccer.  
"Time's horses gallop down the lessening hill."

French, James, 9-8  
Stage Craft Club.  
"Hence these tears."

Galigan, Eugene, 9-8, "Ewie"  
Want-to-Read it Club.  
"A Daniel come to Judgment. Yea! A Daniel."

Gardner, Harold Alexander, 9-1, "Hal"  
Journalism Club.  
"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Giachetti, Frank P., 9-6, "Goosey"  
President of Leaders' Club, Soccer, Basketball, Baseball, Touch Football.  
"His speech is a burning fire."

Giglio, Rose Ann, 9-1, "Gig"  
Debating Club, Basketball.  
"Send them home as merry as crickets."

Gillis, Rose M., 9-1, "Rosie"  
Student Council, Slug.  
"The blessing of the earth is toil."

Girten, Esther A., 9-1  
Debating Club.  
"You have hit the nail on the head."

Gould, George H., 9-6, "Droopy"  
Basketball, Class Soccer.  
"And (strange to tell) he practised what he preached."

Graceffa, Jennie R., 9-6  
Class President, Traffic, Basketball, Glee Club, Country Fair.  
"I do not care one straw."

Graham, Ralph P., 9-6, "Patrick"  
Touch Football, School Soccer, School Basketball, President of Ninth Grade, Class Vice-President.  
"Oh, for a day of rest."

Grant, Evelyn, 9-6, "Evie"  
Traffic, Stagecraft.  
"I had a hat-it was not all a hat."

Gray, Louis M., 9-6  
Want-To-Make-em Club.  
"I took to my heels as fast as I could."

Greene, M. Jeanette, 9-1  
Debating Club.  
"A person should be upright; not be kept upright."

Hajjar, Isabel S., 9-1, "Dizzie"  
Stagecraft Club, Club Secretary, Slug, Library Staff, School Basketball Team.  
"A hard beginning maketh a good ending."

Haley, D. Norman, 9-1, "Bud"  
Journalism Club.  
"Am I Harold's Keeper?"

Hauson, Frances Victor, 9-4, "Vic"  
Want-to-Read-It Club, Class Basketball.  
"While we read history, we make history."

Happel, Paul Richard, 9-1, "Hap"  
Homeroom President, Glee Club, Music Festival, Executive Committee.  
"Oh whistle and I'll come to ye, my lad."

Hayward, Elizabeth Ruth, 9-1, "Ruthie"  
Ninth Grade Novelty Club.  
"Nature's old felicities."

Higgs, Laurenee L., 9-2, "Higgsy"  
Art Club.  
"According as the man is, so must you humor him."

Hindmarsh, Edmand J., 9-5, "Ted"  
Dancing Club.  
"We must hang together or else we shall hang separately."

Hoffman, James A., 9-8, "Red"  
Study Club, Soccer, Touch Football.  
"Is true as steel."

Hogg, Eleanor Louise, 9-1, "Toots"  
Home Room Treasurer, Art Club, Club Secretary.  
"The birch—most shy and ladylike of trees."

Holmgren, Myrtle Gertrude, 9-1, "Myrt"  
Home Room Secretary, Orchestra, Music Festival, Leaders' Club.  
"What now if the sky were to fall."

Hunt, Bertha M., 9-1, "Bert"  
Leaders' Club, Traffic.  
"And out of mind as soon as out of sight."

Hurley, Dennis J., 9-1  
Leaders' Club, Library Staff.  
"Woe is me!"

Hurley, Francis H., 9-3, "Frank"  
Want-To-Read-It Club.  
"Silence is deep as Eternity, speech is shallow as Time."

Igo, Adeline M., 9-1, "Ade"  
Debating Club.  
"Respect the faculty that forms thy judgment."

Jackson, Jeannette M., 9-1  
Glee Club, Music Festival, Traffic.  
"God never sends the mouth but he sendeth meat."

Jancaterino, Hardwick, 9-8, "Lolo"  
 Study Club, School Teams in Football and Basketball.  
 "I have gained my experience."

Jancaterino, John, 9-1, "Shum"  
 Art Club, Basketball, Football.  
 "Rome wasn't built in a day."

Jang, Wong F., 9-4  
 Science Club.  
 "The truly civilized man has no enemies."

Jenkins, Frances Ruth, 9-1, "Ginger"  
 Glee Club, Basketball.  
 "The living voice is that which sways the soul."

Johnsen, Hilda M., 9-6  
 Slug, Knitting Club.  
 "What is food to one man may be fierce poison to another."

Johnson, George, 9-8, "Red"  
 Journalism Club, Football.  
 "Delays have dangerous ends."

Johnson, Marjorie, 9-6, "Midgie"  
 Glee Club, Traffic, Slug Ball, Basketball, Home Room Secretary.  
 "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where."

Kalil, Mary Anne, 9-6  
 Traffic.  
 "As men, we are all equal in the presence of Death."

Kapsis, Clara E., 9-1, "Claire"  
 Glee Club, Music Festival, Country Fair, Basketball.  
 "The proof of the pudding is the eating."

Kapsis, Gertrude S., 9-1, "Gerdie"  
 Leaders' Club, Orchestra, Basketball.  
 "A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules."

Keegan, Marion M., 9-8  
 Debating Club, Basketball.  
 "True it is I have seen better days."

Keeley, Thomas, 9-1, "Tommy"  
 Debating Club.  
 "Let us fly and save our bacon."

Kelley, Elizabeth J., 9-6, "Betty"  
 Traffic, Slug, Basketball, Art Club.  
 "All we ask is to be let alone."

Kertzman, Hyman, 9-6, "Hy"  
 Basketball, Baseball.  
 "Even a single hair casts its shadow."

Kewn, Gladys, 9-6, "Glad"  
 Library Staff, Painted Iron Novelty Club.  
 "Laugh, and be fat."

Kilain, Cecil James, 9-8  
 Student Council, Basketball.  
 "In his old lanes again."

King, Joseph  
 Study Club.  
 "A very studious boy."

Kovner, Ruth, 9-4, "Ruthie"  
 Novelty Club.  
 "Let us fly and save our bacon."

Kramer, Frances I., 9-1, "Frannie"  
 Leaders' Club, Basketball, Orchestra, Slug.  
 "Words sweet as honey from her lips distilled."

Kurlansky, Manual P., 9-6, "Mendy"  
 Art Club, Class Basketball.  
 "It is well to moor your bark with two anchors."

Lancy, Rita, 9-2  
 Novelty Club.  
 "The many still must labor for the one."

Lauder, Gordon, 9-2, "Flash"  
 Wanta-Read-It Club.  
 "A large man, but a small child."

Leonard, Julia M., 9-2, "Judy"  
 Novelty Club.  
 "One country, one constitution, one destiny."

Levinson, Vernon, 9-6, "Verne"  
 Stagecraft Club, Class Basketball.  
 "A moonlight traveler in Fane's land."

Looby, Anna M., 9-4, "Toots"  
 Painted Iron Novelty Club.  
 "Let us have peace."

Lyons, Maurice A., 9-2  
 Debating Club, Secretary.  
 "A silent tongue cannot err."

Lusk, George M., 9-2, "Luskie"  
 Glee Club, Club President, Orchestra.  
 "I have other fish to fry."

MacDonald, Phyllis M., 9-6, "Phil"  
 Basketball, Slug Ball.  
 "Life is (I think) a blunder and a shame."

MacDonald, Russell C., 9-4, "Mac"  
 Glee Club.  
 "I am not a politician, and my other habits are good."

MacDonald, William, 9-4, "Bill"  
 Glee Club.  
 "Powerful indeed is the Empire of habit."

Maligno, Armati, 9-8, "Mitty"  
 Dancing Club.  
 "Treat your friend as if he might become an enemy."

Mandelle, Emily R., 9-6, "Em"  
 Basketball, Glee Club.  
 "It's clever, but is it art?"

Manley, Nan, 9-6  
 Slug Ball, Basketball, Country Fair.  
 "Love is a beautiful dream."

Marchesiani, Anne J., 9-6  
 Glee Club.  
 "I bear a charmed life."

Marella, John P., 9-8, "Jelly"  
 Dancing Club, School Touchball Team.  
 "You cannot put the same shoe on every foot."

Mariana, Rose M., 9-6, "Teedee"  
 Novelty Club.  
 "A woman's work is never done."

McArdell, J. M., 9-4, "James"  
 Glee Club.  
 "No man is happy when he does not think himself so."

McClure, John V., 9-6, "Jack"  
 Journalism Club.  
 "Where are the cities of old times?"

McCollom, Ralph C., 9-6, "Mac"  
 Basketball, Touch Football, Soccer, Baseball.  
 "If I can't pay, why I can owe."

McDermott, Mary Francis, 9-2, "Breezy"  
 Vice-President of Ninth Grade, Vice-President of Class, Editor-in-Chief of Reporters' Club.  
 "Popularity needs introduction."

McKay, William, 9-4, "The Shadow"  
 Class President, Secretary of Class, Basketball, Glee Club.  
 "Clothes make the man."

McKeen, Donald, 9-4, "Red"  
 Dancing Club.  
 "The well of true wit is truth itself."

McKeon, Zita Elizabeth, 9-6  
 Journalism Club, Traffic Officer.  
 "It is a world of startling possibilities."

McKim, Margaret, 9-6  
 Stagecraft Club, Basketball.  
 "Let it go for table talk."

McLarnon, Margaret M., 9-2, "Peg"  
 Glee Club.  
 "A silent tongue and a working mind."

McLarnon, Sara L., 9-2  
 President of Knitting Club.  
 "The library fits my needs."

McManus, John L., 9-2  
 Leaders' Club, Orchestra, Basketball, Baseball.  
 "A musician's life is the life for me."

McWilliam, John, 9-6, "Mac"  
 Leaders' Club, Basketball, Touch Football, Baseball.  
 "Necessity knows no law but to conquer."

Messina, Sophie H., 9-6  
 Basketball, Art Club.  
 "We are swimming round the circle."

Minecone, Luigi, 9-7  
 Dancing Club.  
 "You should go to a pear tree for pears, not to an elm."

Minecone, Philomena, 9-6, "Phil"  
 Slug, Basketball, Painted Iron Novelty Club.  
 "We should provide in peace for what we need in war."

Mitchelson, Alexander, 9-4, "Scotty"  
 Leaders' Club, Soccer, Basketball.  
 "We are ruined by cheap labor."

Mizrahi, Albert, 9-4, "Mizery"  
 Ninth Grade Dancing Club.  
 "Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?"

Mormino, Josephine, 9-7, "Jo"  
 Want-To-Read-It Club, Basketball.  
 "The ripest fruit falls first."

Moscardelli, Lewis, 9-7, "Moscow"  
 Student Council, Basketball, Baseball.  
 "He chortled in his joy."

Nimmo, Elsie C., 9-7  
 Painted Iron Novelty.  
 "In her tongue is the law of kindness."

Noonan, William, 9-7, "Will"  
 Wan-to-make-it Club, Baseball.  
 "A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

Norrie, Dorothy May, 9-7, "Dot"  
 Journalism, Tennis.  
 "Let it serve for table talk."

Oldroyd, James, 9-3, "Jimmy"  
 Want-To-Read-It Club.  
 "Force is no remedy."

Paolucci, Bernard, 9-7, "Barney"  
 Science Club.  
 "He did not care a button for it."

Papile, Hellena, 9-7, "Blackie"  
 Wanterreadit Club, Basketball, Tennis.  
 "The next day is never so good as the day before."

Pecee, Susie, 9-6, "Susabella"  
 Glee Club, Basketball, Slug.  
 "Not lost but gone before."

Pellucio, Claire, 9-6  
 Ninth Grade Novelty Club.  
 "This was the most unkindest cut of all."

Perrow, James W., 9-4, "Sonny"  
 Debating Club, Club President.  
 "Time has fallen asleep in the afternoon sunshine."



**CLASS OF 9 - 5**  
**CLASS OF 9 - 3**

**CLASS OF 9 - 2**  
**CLASS OF 9 - 1**

Porter, Irene M., 9-8

Art Club.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Pimental, S. Hector, Jr., 9-2, "Chick"

Home Room Secretary, Track, Baseball, Leaders' Club, Country Fair.

"De Mar: There is a man!"

Pinel, Priscilla, 9-2, "Puss"

Leaders' Club, Club President, Orchestra, Basketball, Country Fair, Cheer Leader.

"Oh Rome! My country! City of the soul!"

Pitman, Charles, 9-7, "Pepmint"

Dancing Club, Football.

"Rouse the lion from his lair."

Poliatti, James, 9-7, "Jimmy"

Debating Club.

"The wizard silence of the hours of dew."

Pompeo, Carmella, 9-7, "Popeorn"

Wantereadit Club, Basketball, Slug, Baseball, Tennis.

"Let the world slide."

Pompeo, Angelina L., 9-7, "Angie"

Novelty Club.

"Men die, but sorrow never dies."

Poulos, Eleanor M., 9-2, "Blondie"

Painted Iron Novelty Club.

"But with the morning cool reflection came."

Powers, Garnett, 9-7, "Mickey"

Art Club.

"How well I feathered my nest."

Principe, Adeline, 9-7, "Dolly"

Wantereadit Club, Basketball, Traffic.

"My cake is dough."

Proulx, Roland Paul, 9-7

Study Club, Soccer, Touch Football.

"My cup runneth over."

Quinn, James, 9-4, "Quinnie"

Leaders' Club, Soccer, Basketball.

"The king of terrors."

Quinn, John J., 9-2, "Quinnie"

Science Club.

"A scientist needs science."

Ranieri, Albert, 9-4  
Glee Club.  
"As innocent as a new laid egg."

Ranieri, Francis John, 9-2, "Leetzi"  
Vice-President of Leaders Club, Touch Football, Basketball, Baseball, Country Fair.  
"A man without a tear."

Regan, Mary L., 9-7  
Painted Iron Novelty Club.  
"Sir, I would rather be right than President."

Richardson, Robert E., 9-8, "Bob"  
Dancing Club.  
"His study was but little on the Bible."

Robinson, Ethel, 9-7  
Knitting Club.  
"While I was musing the fire burned."

Rogers, Rose M., 9-5, "Boo Boo"  
Reporters' Club, Assemble Editor, Basketball.  
"Style is the dress of thoughts."

Rolf, Allan, 9-4, "Al"  
Glee Club.  
"His speech is a burning fire."

Rolfe, Fred G., 9-2, "Red"  
Debating Club.  
"Homework isn't much to me."

Romano, Marion, 9-7, "Chella"  
Glee Club.  
"Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you."

Romanowsky, Helen C., 9-5  
Reporters' Treasurer, Traffic.  
"As clear as a whistle."

Russell, Lillian May, 9-2, "Lil'"  
Ninth Grade Class Secretary, Vice-President Leaders', Orchestra, Home Room President, Basketball, Country Fair, Cheer Leader.  
"Oh! that I had wings like a dove."

Sager, Richard, 9-2, "Wings"  
First Floor Councilor, Secretary of Student Council, Orchestra, Country Fair, Baseball.  
"A mother's pride, a father's joy."

Sanborn, Grace, 9-7, "Thish"  
Art Club.  
"Off with his head."

Sandford, Alice J., 9-5, "Al"  
Glee Club.  
"While there's life there's hope."

Sandford, Margaret A., 9-2, "Midge"  
Leaders' Club, Secretary of Club, Country Fair, Basketball Cheer Leader.  
"A sealed eye cannot see."

Sandanato, Mary M., 9-8  
Novelty Club, Basketball, Slug Ball.  
"Spring is here."

Sangiolo, Catherine, 9-4, "Kitty"  
Knitting Club, Basketball, Slug.  
"A high hope for low heaven."

Scott, Isabel, 9-7, "Isa"  
Journalism Club.  
"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

Silver Melvin, 9-2  
Journalism Club.  
"Don't bother me with school."

Silver, Ruth, 9-7  
Glee Club.  
"Right as a trivet."

Simon, Tillie, 9-2  
Study Club.  
"Would it were Worthier."

Skeldon, Robert, 9-4, "Bob"  
Science Club, Club Secretary.  
"This strange disease of modern life."

Slaven, Ruth C., 9-7  
Novelty Club.  
"I'll tickle your catastrophe."

Smith, Eleanor, 9-7, "Smitty"  
Novelty Club.  
"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Smith, Margaret, 9-2, "Peggy"  
Glee Club.  
"A deep thing is a mystery."

Spano, Joseph, 9-8  
Glee Club, Football, Basketball, Soccer, Traffic.  
"Toil is the sire of fame."

Sprague, Lester, 9-2, "Les"  
Editor-in-Chief, Journalism Club, Country Fair.  
"Not if I know myself at all."

Spillane, William, 9-2, "Bull"  
Wantareadit Club.  
"Sweet simplicity itself."

Sternberg, David, 9-2, "Duevie"  
Home Room Treasurer, Orchestra, Journalism Club.  
"Call me Kelly."

St. John, Rita, 9-7  
Leaders', Basketball, Traffic, Slug.  
"Push on—keep moving."

Strandberg, Ethel, 9-8  
Knitting Club.  
"O, woe is me!"

Swanson, Elizabeth, 9-8  
Journalism Club, Basketball.  
"They say miracles are past and gone."



BASKETBALL TEAM

BOYS' LEADERS' CLUB

DEBATING CLUB of ROOM 12

Taylor, Hazel E., 9-8

Glee Club.

"Out of the jaws of death."

Tobey, June N., 9-8

Novelty Club.

"Woman is woman's natural ally."

Vincent, Dorothy L., 9-2, "Toots"

Art Club, Vice-President of Club.

"The march of intellect."

Wainhouse, Ruth, 9-7

Glee Club, Library Staff.

"It is good to love the unknown."

Walton, Ellen G., 9-7

Novelty Club, Library Staff.

"Oh, Romeo, Romeo. Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

White, James, 9-7

Science Club.

"Moderation, the noblest gift of Heaven."

Wilding, Louise G., 9-7

Novelty Club, Slug.

"The dice of Zeus fall ever luckily."

Wilson, Lorne A., 9-2, "Lorrie"

Art Club.

"Lord of himself—that heritage of woe!"

Wilson, Ruth, 9-7, "Rudy"

Student Council, Lost and Found Chief.

"Red as a rose is she."

Wishart, William, 9-7, "Bill"

Leaders' Club, Soccer.

"His enemies shall bite the dust."

Wood, Otis A., Jr., 9-2, "Woodsie"

Reporters' Club, Social Editor, Tennis, Country Fair.

"A sight to delight in."

Pilalos, Theodore, 9-7, "Teddy"

Try-and-Make-It Club.

"A short saying oft contains much wisdom."

Del Vecchio, Michael, 9-8, "Mike"

Dancing Club.

"The truth is always the strongest argument."

DiTullio, Antoinette, 9-5, "Ann"  
 Painted Iron Novelty Club, School Traffic Officer.  
 "One may be humble out of pride."

Petzolt, Hilda, 9-4, "Hilda"  
 Glee Club.  
 "Oh, Captain, my Captain!"

Griffin, Margaret, 9-6, "Eddie"  
 Novelty Club.  
 "The same heart beats in every human breast."

Peaudoin, Annette, 9-5  
 Painted Iron Novelty Club, School Traffic Officer, Attendance Girl.  
 "Send them home merry as crickets."

Pasquale, Panfilio, 9-8, "Pamp"  
 Football, Dancing Club.  
 "The quality of mercy is not strained."

Tropea, John, 9-7, "Tubba"  
 Leaders' Club, Orchestra.  
 "Out of tune."

Burchstead, Althea, 9-4, "Al"  
 Painted Iron Novelty Club.  
 "I mourn with the Spring."

Zoost, John, 9-4, "Baron"  
 Student Council.  
 "I am Sir Oracle."

Mareyes, Warren, 9-4, "Macy"  
 Science Club.  
 "My lips are forever sealed."

McKenna, Maureen, 9-6, "Pat"  
 Painted Iron Novelty Club.  
 "The ways of the gods are full of providence."

Hassan, Fatima, 9-6, "Fay"  
 Novelty Club, Traffic.  
 "Fortune is unstable while our will is free."

Broadford, Douglas, 9-5, "Doug"  
 Wantareadit Club, Class Soccer, Baseball.  
 "A wise man never loses anything."

## WHO'S WHO

Class Grind		Class Actor	
Lillian Russell	Hector Pimental	Lillian Russell	David and Francis
Class Athlete		Class Talkie	
Margaret Sandford	Francis Raneiri	Jeanette Jackson	Otis A. Wood, Jr.
Class Flirt		Class Pest	
Mary McDermott	Fred Allen	Madame X	David Sternberg
Class Comedian		Class Jester	
Yvonne Doucette	Harold L. Gardner	Unknown	Fred Dooley, Paul
Class Bookworm		Class Artist	
Isabel Hajjar	Alex Mitchelson	Eleanor Hogg	Clifford Dyson
Class Musician		Class Heartbreaker	
Eleanor Di Sculio	George Lusk	Dorothy Arsenault	Jack Beers
Class Baby		Class Songster	
Mildred Foye	Billy Ash	Zita McKeon	Richard Sager
Class Orator		Class Orator	
		Mary Burke	George Lusk

### IRELAND

They tell us Ireland is a pretty place,  
 Especially in the month of June,  
 When the grass is green and the roses red,  
 And everything's in full bloom.

THOMAS KEELEY, 9-1.

### FOURTH OF JULY

The glorious Fourth is here,  
 The Fourth day of July—  
 With all its fun and fireworks,  
 For people of every size.

FRED ALLEN, 9-1.



**NINTH GRADE NOVELTY CLUB**  
**DRAMATIC CLUB of ROOM 18**

**DRAMATIC CLUB of ROOM 4**  
**DRAMATIC CLUB of ROOM 8**

*Continued from page 29*

Asiatic countries; that Betty Swanson and Catherine Sangiolo were physical instructors; and that Eugene Galligan was a poet.

The next morning we decided to continue along the rest of the coast together and bidding Ann good-bye we left by taxi for the bus terminal. We drove along at a leisurely pace, and as I looked out of the window of the taxi I saw a sign which read, "Althea Burchstead, actress, will appear at the Colonial Theatre tonight," and underneath was the signature of Albert Mezrahi, the owner of the theatre. We laughed heartily at this and were in great spirits for the bus ride. We reached the terminal just a little too late and found our bags were still at the station. This was a great disappointment for it would mean a later bus for us and that would make us later arriving in Los Angeles.

With nothing else to do we strolled along the sidewalk towards the scene of the fire. We

found, to our amazement, that nearly two city blocks had been demolished. Among the office buildings destroyed, or partly destroyed were: a chop suey house owned by Wong Jang, a funeral parlor owned by Warren Marcyes, a garage owned by Robert Richardson and Michael Ferris, and an optician's office owned by James Perrow.

Just then someone tapped me on the shoulder and looking up quickly I found a strictly athletic-looking young man, whom I recognized as William McKay. After greeting one another we found that William was on his way to San Diego to accept a position as athletic advisor in a boys' camp. As it was nearly time for our bus to leave we bid him good-bye and turned toward the terminal.

Upon arriving there we found another bus of a different line, namely, the Johnson and Zoot Line, owned by George Johnson and John Zoot. James Hoffman was driving it.

They greeted us cheerfully and told us that Hazel Taylor, the champion speed swimmer, and Marion Keegan, the famous woman reporter, were on the bus also. When we had been on the road for about three hours a hiss and bang told us that we had a flat tire.

While James was fixing it, we turned the radio on and a beautiful alto voice filled the bus. I instantly recognized it as that of Annie Marchiesiani who was on the radio as "The Voice from Italy"; Russell McDonald was her announcer. That program was over shortly, however, and it was replaced by two dancing instructors, William Ford and Ethel Strandberg. The next station offered a better subject, "Why Children Should Not Play Hookey," by Victor Hanson. It was a very interesting talk, but the flat tire was soon fixed and other interests claimed our attentions. While we had been parked, an automobile had caught up to the bus and let off another passenger. Upon close investigation it turned out to be Paul Butts who was traveling for a brush company and selling its articles to housewives.

The bus continued to the first stop where we alighted for a sandwich and a cool drink. The terminal, which was located in a small town, boasted but one restaurant.

As we made our way towards it we were arrested by the comical sight of Ruth Brown throwing flap-jacks in a restaurant window. She looked up quickly as we tapped on the window, and beckoned for us to come in. We entered the cozy dining place and made ourselves comfortable at a table. Ruth explained that she and Mary Sandanato jointly owned the shop. She knew where quite a few of our old classmates were. Irene Porter was a nurse at a local hospital. James French was a lumber-jack in the Canadian woods.

All good things have an end and so did our conversation with Ruth. As we were leaving the restaurant we met Robert Skeldon attired in a pilot's uniform swaggering down the street. We had to hurry so we had no time to chat with him and then we reached the bus just in time. A new passenger got on and was entertaining some of the others with stories of his lion hunting experiences in Africa. I gasped as I recognized him as John Marella. An aeroplane was buzzing overhead and writing in smoke. All that I could distinguish was,

"Cecil Kilraine Announces Gigantic Sale." Cecil, we took it, owned a department store. We laughed heartily over this. Nothing much happened the rest of the journey, and about four o'clock we arrived in Los Angeles.

We gathered our bags together and took a taxi to the hotel where we had wired for reservations. We had to share our taxi with a young lady and her daughter. The young lady was Clare Pellucio.

Los Angeles was a very busy city just around this time of the afternoon and there was a great deal of traffic. A police officer on a horse came up to the car and was assuring us that we would soon be out of the traffic jam. Upon a closer look I recognized him as James McArdell. He recognized us and greeted us profusely. He told us that Henry Pasquale was the chief, and that Hardwick Janeaterino was the traffic policeman ahead of us, and lastly that Michael Del Veechio was the fingerprint expert in the detective department. Traffic began to move and we said good-bye to James. Claire left us soon after, as she was going to Ruth Kovner's style shoppe to be fitted for some dresses. When she got out in front of the store, Albert Emery, who was the door man, escorted her from the taxi.

The hotel was finally reached and the door man of this hotel turned out to be Albert Ranieri. The clerk, Edward DePesa, gave us the guest book to sign. Looking it over I saw that James Poliatti, the famous engineer; Joseph King, the author; and William Corcoran, a famous banker, were there also. Edward called the head porter who I knew was Aldo De Grassie and he conducted us to the elevator which had just been repaired by Joseph Spano.

Later, as we sat in our room in silence gazing at the beautiful Pacific sunset, our thoughts drifted back to our classmates and to those grand old days at Quincy Point Junior High School.

Lillian Russell, 9-2	Kathleen Caron, 9-5
Dorothy Vincent, 9-2	Joseph Conran, 9-5
Fred Allen, 9-1	Mary Burke, 9-3
Paul Happel, 9-1	Ralph Graham, 9-6
Sidney Donaldson, 9-3.	Grace Sanborn, 9-7
Virginia Campbell, 9-4	June Tobey, 9-8
Maureen McKenna, 9-6	Ruth Slaven, 9-7

## \* CLASS SUPERLATIVES \*

Most Witty		
Jeanette Greene	Harold Gardner	
Most Popular		
Mary McDermott	Ralph Graham	
Most Dependable		
Frances Kramer	George Lusk	
Most Carefree		
Bernadette Buckley	Fred Allen	
Most Bashful		
Dorothy Arsenault	Frank Hurley	

Most Refined		
Gladys Kewn	Jack Bowes	
Best Sport		
Bernadette Buckley	John Evangelista	
Best Looking		
Eleanor and Mary	Kinky Conran	
Best Dancer		
Myrtle Holmgren	Paul Happel	
Best Dresser		
Eleanor Hogg	Alfred Colella	

## DO YOU KNOW THAT:—

Otis Wood is an interesting talker when he wants to be?

Lillian Russell teaches violin?

William Spillaine wears glasses?

Richard Sager sings in the choir?

Dorothy Vincent plays the banjo?

Fred Dorley has a car?

Victor and Bella are great tap dancers?

Eleanor and Clifford attend art classes?

Loretta DiGravio owns some glasses?

Hector's password is "Peanuts?"

Fred Rolfe collects Indian relics?

Alfred has a suit of old clothes and it isn't grey?

Paul Happel is that way over a certain D. P.?

George Lusk isn't so quiet as he looks?

The Reporters' Club visited the Quiney News?

Lester Sprague spends his time communicating in code?

John Jancaterino is the coming Dizzy Dean?

There was never any doubt as to the identity of the editors of a certain suppressed newspaper?

### BIRDS

I like a lot of birds the best,  
But most of all the Robin Red Breast.  
He is one of the early birds in spring.  
I can always tell him by the song he sings.  
Another bird, the Woodpecker, I like,  
He uses his bill as a spike,  
I'd love to see the Woodpecker all the day long,  
And listen to some other bird sing his song.

JOHN JANCATERINO, 9-1.

### THE TITANIC

A worthy ship, the Titanic,  
Went down in a turmoil of panic,  
Her shattered hulk  
Has long been sunken 'neath the wave  
Which will always mark her grave,  
She will always be in memory  
The eagle of the sea.

FRANCES JENKINS, 9-1

## TRY TO PICTURE:

George Lusk forgetting to talk about his relatives.

Francis Raneiri not interested in sports.

Harold Gardner without Norman Haley.

Albert Emery as a midget in a circus.

Otis Wood quiet.

Dennis Hurley as a marathon runner.

Jack Cappabianca without his hair combed.

David Sternberg as an angel.

Maurice Lyons without a wiffle.

Ralph Graham being boisterous.

Fred Dorley not attracting the class's attention.

Clifford Dyson with black hair.

Fred Allen not speaking to girls.

Lillian relinquishing the violin for a tuba.

George without an uncle.

Gordon Lauder in a harem.

Lester not winking at Mary.

Lorne Wilson and Iggy on stilts.

Fred Rolfe reducing.

Clifford not drawing.

William Spillaine not asking foolish questions.

"Lolo" Janeaterino as a poet.

Priscilla without Margaret.

Francis R. toothless.

Jeanette Greene as a tomboy.

Clifford, Otis, and Fred as women haters.

Garnet Powers not combing her hair all day.

Mary Me and Isabel H. as platinum blondes.

Fred, Americo and Russell as English teachers.

Evelyn and Ralph pals.

Lester without a blush.

## THE CHASE OF A DESPERATE CRIMINAL

It is late evening when the GARDNER hears the RUSSELL by the ASH tree. He calls out, very timidly, "Who goes there?"

The immediate answer is: "IGO here! So what?" and out from the trees steps a very desperate looking man. He is carrying a gun.

The GARDNER cries out in horror, "The GRAHAM-cracker kid!"

Let us turn back the calender about two years. In the metropolis, of which the GARDNER's town is a suburb, crime was rampant. Some people blamed it on prohibition and the law was repealed. This did not help much because the racketeers, whose BEERS and wines made thousands for them, turned to other crime. One of these men turned to bank robbery as his next disgraceful job and in doing so wrote his doom. Once he made a mistake and blasted the walls of a store instead of a bank. He took what money he could get and also a large carton of GRAHAM-crackers. Much publicity and the name which was attached to him made him familiar to everyone in the country. Hence he was recognized by the GARDNER.

After the GARDNER's recognition of him the Kid orders the GARDNER to give him all his SILVER and the GARDNER, GREENE in the face, complies. The poor victim is then tied to a post while the Kid sets about to HUNT for WOOD. Soon his supply is satisfactory and he takes his leave.

It is not until the next morning that the GARDNER is rescued; but as soon as he is able, he tells his story, climbs into an old FORD, and is taken to the sheriff's office. Action results. Dogs trail the Kid to where he crossed the BROADFORD of the creek.

After getting across the river, our heroes encounter an old FRENCH gentleman, who, after much description, tells them, "Him and a little SCOTT I saw. They were going toward DECROSS of roads." Later the identity of the SCOTT is learned; he is a TAYLOR who was kidnapped as a hostage.

When they return to the office, our heroes get news that the Kid's hideout is in an old BRICK building a little way out of town. Morning, NOONAN night the men prepare for a raid. The next evening the men are assembled and the man hunt is on. Many BROWN garbed men converge upon the

house. The Sheriff must GRANT time for the men to surround the place. Then, through the HALEY night, the men stalk toward the building. After fighting has gone on a few minutes Federal Agents arrive.

We overhear this DIALOGUE between two deputies:

"Joe, Feds just arrived."

"That's great, except that they will steal all our glory. Whenever the Fed crowd BUTTS in—well—they get the glory."

All of a sudden a loud rasp, like that of an EMERY wheel grinding against rough steel, is heard. A car shoots out of the garage and hits a man. It is stopped and the one person in it gets away before anyone else arrives;

but the person is too small for the Kid. The G chief has his men get in front of the garage door and has them ready for the next car. It seems foolish. Does he expect to PITMAN against these LYONS of steel. But evidently LYONS are no longer KING of the beasts. The Feds stop the next car. In it is the Kid—dying—and as death CLEAVES life from him, the G men say, "Let's go CASHEN on our glory."

The GARDNER, with his share of the reward, buys himself a greenhouse and while waiting for the WHITE carnations to blossom he reads the "SAGER of KING Olaf."

George Lusk, 9-2.

## A VACATION ADVENTURE

"Say, Tom," Bill Walsh addressed his chum, "I hope Dumbell doesn't ask to go."

"Well, if he does we'll refuse to take him," returned Tom. The boys worked on in silence, loading the boat for a vacation trip to Haunted Island.

Bill spoke softly to Tom, "Here comes Dumbell. If he asks what we are doing, tell him we're loading the boat for a trip."

"Hello, Bill—Tom," Dumbell drawled. "What are ya doin'?"

"Just loading the boat for a trip to Haunted Island," the boys replied.

"Can I go?" Dumbell asked.

"No!"

"Well then, I'll go ask your mother," he returned.

The next day as the boys prepared to shove off, Dumbell presented himself. They put his bag in the boat and he climbed in.

Haunted Island lay about four miles out in the lake. Tom figured that with their load they ought to reach it in about an hour.

"Hey, Dumbell, sit down or you'll tip us over," called Bill from the stern of the boat. The rest of the distance to the Island was covered without any mishaps.

When the Island was reached Dumbell put his bag on the shore and started to explore. The boys let him go, saying that he would be a hindrance while they were pitching camp. When the camp was pitched Tom started to prepare the lunch while Bill went after Dumbell.

After lunch the boys started an exploration of the Island. They went along the south side until they came to a thickly wooded section. There they divided and each entered the woods by a different way. Tom and Bill marked the trees so they would be able to get out; but Dumbell didn't think of doing such a thing.

About five o'clock Tom emerged from the woods and was followed in a few minutes by Bill. They waited a half hour for Dumbell and then decided he had gone back to camp.

When they reached camp not a sign of Dumbell could be found. The boys cooked their supper and went to bed, planning to hunt for him in the morning.

They searched all morning, but in vain; and now they hadn't any idea as to his whereabouts. They searched all afternoon and when darkness cloaked the Island, the

boys plodded into camp, tired and hungry.

When the evening meal was finished, the boys took books and began to read. Presently there came a rustling sound in the bushes and out crawled Dumbell.

"Well, where have you been?" Tom asked angrily.

"Exploring the Island," came the reply.

"Huh, does it take you two days to do that?" put in Bill.

"No," replied Dumbell, "but I got lost, and I found a cave, and ya ought ta see it."

"We'll do that in the morning," Tom said, "and now you get something to eat."

Just as the sun rose over the hills in the south, the boys entered the woods, Dumbell in the lead. They went on until noon. When they had finished their lunch, Dumbell informed them the cave was just a little farther on. When they reached the spot, Dumbell told them the cave was a hidden one. He showed them the opening and they entered. At first they could see nothing; but Dumbell

led them to a room that glittered with jewels.

There were diamonds in the wall, a ceiling of emeralds, and large red rubies in the concrete floor. At the end of the room was a small Indian god.

Dumbell was complimented for his discovery. After examining the room, the boys turned to the god. They decided to sell the god to a museum. They took him outside. In the small clearing they made a temporary camp and on the following day, they carried him down to their boat.

The boys tried to think of a way to get back home. Finally it was decided that Bill should go into town and make arrangements for the transportation of the god to his house. Then he would return for Dumbell and some of the camp equipment. He would come back again for Tom and the rest of the equipment. These plans were carried out safely.

Since then there has been no one in that town called Dumbell.

Lester Sprague, 9-2.

## THE EX-MAYOR'S STORY

It was July in 1284 when I was seated in my office deciding how to get rid of the rats which had infested my fair city of Hamelin. I had called a meeting of the City Council. One by one the members had spoken on how the rats had bitten the babies, drunk the soup out of the cooks' ladles, and slept in the beds. They were all over the town. You could not move without stepping on one.

Just as I was about to dismiss the council, who should come into the room but a young man of about eighteen years. He was dressed in a cloak of different colors. He said in a firm, loud voice, "I can rid your town of rats!"

I replied by saying, "Two Hundred and fifty thousand dollars is yours if you do."

He said, "I am called the Pied Piper and I will rid your town of rats in five minutes."

He went out of the door and blew three shrill notes on his pipe. The rats came out of the houses by the hundreds and thousands. They followed the Pied Piper until they came to the river where they all rushed in and were drowned, all except one which reached the other side.

I ordered all the church bells to be rung and the town to be fixed so that no traces of the rats could be found. Then the poor piper came to me and demanded his money. I regretted having offered him so much money. It would make a good sized dent in the treasury. I told him he must take \$250 or nothing. He became angry and said he would pipe for me in another way. I told him to go ahead and do his worst.

He blew some sweet notes on his pipe and all the children began to follow him. He

took them across the river and by that time all the men of our fair city had begun to chase him; but alas, we were too late. A door opened in the mountain and all the children marched in, all except a little lame boy who was left behind.

We had the story of the Pied Piper written on the church window so everyone could see

it. We offered gold and silver if only the Pied Piper would bring back our children, but to no avail.

I was not re-elected mayor because they said it was my fault that the children were taken away, and that is my story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Otis A. Wood, Jr., 9-2.

## IN 2033

Jane Bailey was sitting in bed reading "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." She felt very sleepy and could hardly keep her eyes open. She closed them for a moment and then opened them again. She gave a cry of surprise and fear as she saw that she was in a very strange room. Jane had never seen anything like it. "Alice's Adventures" had disappeared and so had all the familiar things of her room.

"Why, I must be dreaming," she exclaimed. Her eyes wandered to the wall. There on the wall was a calendar and on it, printed in large letters, were the figures 2033. The calendar was so queer. It was round like a ball. The furniture was a queer color. Jane wondered how the chairs could stand, because they had no legs.

She walked over to something which hung from the roof. Giving it a tug, Jane tried to pull it down. Suddenly a great gap appeared in the roof as the thing which Jane had been pulling moved, taking half the roof with it, and a pair of steps descended to the floor. Jane, full of excitement, climbed on the steps and they ascended. She stepped off when she reached the roof.

"Oh," Jane exclaimed, "Oh, what buildings! Why, some are so high I can't even see the tops of them!"

The buildings were very queer. They were all black and yet they shone very brightly. Down below she could see the ground.

Then Jane saw what she had missed be-

fore, a flight of steps on one side of the roof. They were very odd steps, shaped somewhat like jars. They went way down to the ground. Jane stepped on them and suddenly they began to descend. When Jane felt the steps move, she was very much frightened; but they soon stopped and she got off.

There on the sterret were great round things which moved automatically by themselves. People were in them, people dressed in the strangest clothes Jane had ever seen. Never had she seen such pretty glowing colors.

Suddenly Jane heard a whirring sound and somebody asked, "Lunch, Miss?" She turned and saw that the wall near which she had been standing had opened and an old man was leaning on a counter. Jane suddenly felt very hungry.

"I have no money," she explained.

"Oh that's all right," the man answered, as he pressed a button.

Some dishes with food in them came sliding along the counter. Jane had never tasted such delicious food. As she turned away at last, after thanking the old man, she heard a "zig-zoom" and an air ship landed right in front of her. A man stepped out and called to her, "Come in, come in! All going to Mars and return in an hour! Free! Sensational! Come!"

Jane stepped into the ship and it started. She was leaning over the side when all at once she heard a scream which startled her

so that she fell over the side. She screamed in terror as she saw the ground coming up to meet her. The frightened girl closed her eyes in horror.

Then suddenly some one was shaking her. She opened her eyes and saw her mother bending over her. "What is the matter,

dear? Bad dreams?"

Jane gazed around the room. "Alice's Adventures" was lying open in her lap.

"Yes, mother," she said. "It was a bad dream. Oh, I'm so happy to be home again!"

Mary Kalil, 9-6.

## MY AMBITIONS

As I sit by the fireplace waiting for supper, I gaze into the flames and dream. Suddenly to my surprise I see myself three years later walking down the aisle of Quincy High School to receive my diploma for twelve years of school. The next fall I see myself entering Yale University.

Immediately I try for the baseball team and I am successful.

All during my college career I continue writing poems and I make a book with all my poems in it. One day a young fellow comes up to me and asks if he may read my poems. I consent and the next day he buys it so that it can be published. He doesn't really buy it because we signed a contract saying that he'll pay me, five hundred dollars in cash and I will receive ten percent on each book sold. In this manner I make money

and become a great success as my book is sold all over the world.

In my last years of college I star on the Yale varsity baseball team. After a hard season of games, a man comes to me and asks me if I would like to join a big league club, the Boston Red Sox. I gladly accept and a week later I sign a contract for one year with a salary of four thousand dollars a year.

The next year my contract is renewed again and I receive a larger salary. Five years pass and I become one of the most valuable players in both leagues. Because of this my salary jumps to seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

Just at this point I hear a call, "Come on Francis, supper is ready." And thus my dreams come to an end.

Francis Ranieri, 9-2.

## HEROES OF THE STORM

If you should stand on the shore of Rocky Point, you would see, far out over the sea, a large white lighthouse on an island of rocks. In this lighthouse there once lived Mr. Abbott and his children, Janet and Dick. Dick was ten and Janet was eight. Mr. Abbott loved his children very much and dreaded the day when he would have to send them to the mainland to school.

One morning Mr. Abbott told his two chil-

dren that he would have to go to the mainland for oil, as the supply was very low. He left Janet in Dick's care and started out in a motor boat. It was a fine day when he started. The children played in the sand and on the rocks.

About four o'clock that afternoon it grew dark and a storm came up. The children ran up into the lantern room to watch for their father. As it grew late they became

anxious. What if he didn't come to light the lanterns?

Late that evening it grew foggy on the mainland. Suddenly a ship's fog horn was heard! Back on shore, the light-house keeper was pacing up and down. The people were trying to calm him. It would be suicide for him to try to go to the lighthouse in

such a storm. He tried to get into his boat, but the people held him back. He looked up at the lighthouse. Suddenly there came a light shining through the fog!

When the lighthouse-keeper reached home the next day he found that the children had lighted the light and saved the ships that passed in the night.

Elsie Nimmo, 9-7.

## A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

In the year 1928, my mother, my sister, and I sailed out of the gay harbor of Naples for New York.

After four days on the sea my mother and my sister became seasick and went to the ship's hospital. I was alone and wandered all over the ship. One day when I was alone on deck, I was afraid because the ship was rocking and I thought I would fall into the water. So I lay down on the deck and put just my head out between the rails to look at the fish that were leaping ten or twenty feet into the air. Another day an airplane

came by and all the people came out on deck to look at it; because it flew slowly and very low.

After three days in the hospital, my mother and sister were better. Now that they were better we went to the moving pictures and enjoyed many happy hours.

On the eighth day we saw a large statue in the water. I asked my mother what it was and she said it was the Statue of Liberty. On that same night we entered New York harbor. At last we had reached our new home.

John Evangelista, 9-5.

## MY HOBBIES

The hobby which holds my interest the most is music. I take lessons on both violin and viola. I once started to take piano lessons; but I did not like them so I decided to stop. I do like to pick out tunes with one finger whenever I have nothing else to do. I have taken violin lessons for three and one-half years. The viola is much the same, but I started lessons on that about two months ago. Music has enabled me to make worthy use of much of my leisure time and to join the school orchestra.

Another of my hobbies is stamp collecting. I was first interested in it because of my older brother's collection. I started col-

lecting, but after two years, lost interest. When I resumed collecting, about a year later, I found many stamps were missing. So I started all over again. I joined the John Adams Stamp Club of Quincy, of which I became one of the board of governors. My collection now numbers about three-thousand stamps.

I have also collected minerals, shells, leaves, and airplane tires.

I hope that in the future my interest in music will keep on and that I get new interests which will enlarge my education. For, after all, that is the aim of hobbies.

G. L., 9-2.

# POEMS

## BLESSED NIGHT

Night falls softly upon the sod,  
As if the protecting love of God  
Sent down the darkness to hide the shame  
Of mortals who have been fools again.  
Sinners stricken down with pain  
Feel the cold, sweet night again  
And pray that on the glorious morrow  
They may be freed from pain and sorrow.  
Children cease all their cries  
And close their sleepy little eyes;  
They sleep soundly through the night  
And wake with the morning light.

Sara McLarnon, 9-2.

## THOUGHTS

I wish the sky were not so gray,  
And that the rain would go away,  
The world appears so dark and drear,  
When it should be bright and clear.  
I want to slide upon the snow,  
I want the clear cold wind to blow  
And freeze the ice upon the lake,  
So I can slide, and ski, and skate.  
But still falls the steady rain  
As I sit and dream in vain,  
For all these things will come to nought  
Because the rain knows not my thought.

Sara McLarnon, 9-2.

## THE SCHOOL WINDOW

I know I shouldn't, yet I do—  
Perhaps I shall regret it too,  
But it's very tempting, don't you know,  
To look from out a school window.  
Perhaps some day I shall be caught  
And then many things will be wrought;  
After that experience perhaps I'll know  
Not to look from out a school window.

Jeanette Greene, 9-1.

## YOU

Are you good or are you bad?  
Are you happy, are you sad?  
Try to help by being kind,  
Help the sick and help the blind.  
If you do this where e'er you roam,  
You will go to your heavenly home.

Julia Leonard, 9-2.

## THE SURPRISE

One day as I sat at the piano,  
Playing a lively tune,  
I heard the patter of footsteps  
Come softly across the room.  
I turned my head so quickly  
And looked to see what was there,  
And what do you think I saw  
Sitting comfortably on a chair—  
But the dearest little kitten  
With the biggest eyes of green,  
And fur that was as white as snow  
As ever I had seen.  
I know not where it came from,  
But the door was open wide,  
And it is so very plain to see  
It wandered from outside.  
I ran out into the kitchen  
To fetch a saucer of milk,  
And she lapped it up so quickly  
As I stroked her fur of silk.  
This seemed to satisfy her  
And out the door she ran,  
I took one long last look at her  
But I looked all in vain—  
For she had swiftly disappeared  
Never to come back again;  
But I enjoyed it while she stayed,  
Though I wish that with me she'd played.

Sabatina Chiminello, 9-1.

## THE LIFE OF A TRAMP

The life of a tramp is not in vain  
Because he can roam a free,  
Although often hungry, he claims  
His life is always happy.  
His clothes are torn and soiled,  
His face unshaved and dirty;  
But his life is not to be spoiled,  
Even though his age is thirty.  
He roams from town to city,  
Asking for things here and there;  
Folks think it a pity—  
But he hasn't a thing to care.  
All his life he lives this way,  
Humming his favorite song,  
As he rides or tramps all day;  
Till he's called to the Great Beyond.

John McManus, 9-2.

## NATURE'S LULLABY

Little baby earth, going to sleep,  
Cuddle in your blankets, soft and deep;  
Kind Mother Nature hovers near  
To see that you have nothing to fear.  
Softly she bends over you from above,  
And drops you a light kiss of love;  
She whispers tenderly, "Good night,  
My little baby earth, sleep tight."

Isabel Hajjar, 9-1.

## FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a rare and lovely thing,  
To you the right person it will bring,  
And to this friend you will always confide  
The trouble that comes with every tide.  
When the time comes that you are lonely or blue  
This friend will always come to you,  
With him he'll bring friendship and joy  
To you who may be girl or boy.

Patricia Curry, 9-1.

## ROLLER SKATING

Roller skating I think is the best of fun.  
Out in the air and under the sun,  
Taking a run and then a leap,  
And then your balance try to keep.  
But if you should happen to fall,  
It isn't such fun after all,  
But soon forgetting the hard knock,  
You join the others around the block.

CLARA KAPSIS, 9-1.

## WONDERING

There're often times I wonder of the things I'd like  
to be,  
I think the last thought in my mind is writing  
poetry;  
I think a lot of music—songs about a tree,  
But even that's monotonous as sometimes it can be.  
Now take for instance Latin, that can be real nice—  
But when it comes to loafing, I sure can cut the ice.

GERARD CREUTZ, 9-1.

## HUMAN NATURE

In summer it is very hot,  
And do I like it? I do not!  
When winter comes with cold and blast  
I often wish that it were passed;  
And so I guess it is implied,  
That I am never satisfied.

CHARLOTTE DOWNS, 9-1.

## GRASS

The moon was shining in the lane,  
The grass was fresh and sweet.  
When along came an old man with a cane  
And trampled it with his feet.

Eleanor Hogg, 9-1.

## ONLY A PIN

1

Only a pin  
And it calmly lay  
In the shining light  
Of a bright noonday.

2

Only a boy  
And he saw the pin:  
He fixed on it a look intent  
Till boy and pin alike were bent.

3

Only a chair  
It had no business standing there,  
The boy put an a fiendish grin  
And on the chair he put the pin.

4

Only a man  
He sat on the chair:  
And as he rose  
So did his hair.

Norman Haley, 9-1.

## FATE

Fate always seems to be with me  
Whene'er I fain 'twould be;  
For I'm never finished with one scrape  
Than I'm once more wound in more red tape.  
Sunday, I went out to tea—  
Hoping to be filled with glee—  
Such fun; but I reached home too late,  
So I can't accept another date.  
In school we wished to have some fun—  
Teacher planned a debate on Lee and Washington,  
I started giggling and so, you see.  
Fate again was visiting me.  
I'm sure in favor of fun and glee;  
But, folks, please take this tip from me:  
Where'er you be, whate'er you do,  
See that Fate's not tracing you.

Margaret McLarnon, 9-2.

## A VISIT TO HOLLYWOOD

Every night at nine o'clock  
To Hollywood I go,  
And there I see before me  
Actors and actresses, all in a row.  
The glamorous Greta Garbo  
With her feet in the aisle,  
And funny Joe E. Brown  
With that well-known smile.  
The well-known Jimmy Durante  
With his snezzle plain to see,  
And little Dicky Moore  
Sitting on his mother's knee.  
Bing Crosby softly crooning,  
"When the blue of the night—."  
Joe Penner calmly holding  
His little Goo-Goo tight.  
In my dreams I see them  
In all their glorious light;  
All the time I see them  
I never miss a night.  
Every night at nine o'clock  
To Hollywood I go,  
And there I see before me  
Actors and actresses all in a row.

Bertha Hunt, 9-1.

## THE NIGHT EXPRESS

A rumble in the distance—  
First low, then louder grown,  
A thousand constellations  
Though twilight upward thrown;  
The hiss of steam escaping,  
A clot of dingy smoke,  
A blur of flashing windows,  
And eyes of peering folk;  
The crash of wheels on switches,  
The lurch of onward train,  
A whistle shrieking shrilly—  
The village sleeps again.

Lester Sprague, 9-2.

## THE VICTORY

The large gray ship sailed out of the bay,  
And towards the sea it made its way.  
Little knowing that on that very night  
It would have to put up a terrible fight.  
The British were coming as fast as could be,  
Now what way was there to get free?  
Then from the cannon came a loud rumbling roar  
And that British ship was seen no more.

GERTRUDE KAPSIS, 9-1.

## ALGEBRA

I'll be glad when I leave my X and Y's,  
They never did agree with me;  
Maybe when I leave them I'll realize  
What good they could really be.  
Some people study their Algebra  
Like a matter of life and death;  
But I never could study Algebra,  
And I never shall, I guess.

Myrtle Holmgren, 9-1.

## TRAVEL

I'd like to travel and see many places  
All over the country wide;  
I'd like to travel and see new faces  
In the ships, side by side.  
Many strange sights I'd like to see,  
And have a lot of fun,  
And come home again, when my trip was done.

Bella Frager, 9-1.

## ST. PATRICK

Each year we hear the Irish say,  
"St. Patrick's Day will soon be here."  
It is a day of joy for the Irish race,  
For to them he gave both courage and grace.  
St. Patrick was a noble man,  
A Saint and scholar both was he;  
He studied the faith and taught it to all,  
And his memory will never forgotten be.

Thomas Keeley, 9-1.

## IF

If I had been born a boy,  
A sailor I would be;  
I'd get a job on a ship,  
And sail upon the sea.  
I'd visit every foreign land,  
I'd travel far and wide,  
I'd see all there was to see  
Before I died.  
But a girl I have been born  
And a girl I must remain,  
And unless they have sailor girls  
I'll have to dream in vain.

Dorothy Arsenault, 9-1.

## SYMPATHY

I pulled up the weeds by the roots,  
With many groans and toots.  
And people passing by  
Did stop to sympathize.

FRED ALLEN, 9-1.

## THE LAST RIDE

Slowly, but surely, she plugs with a will  
 Till she's at last on the top of the hill.  
 Choking, she sputters and coughs nervously,  
 Then downward and downward she heads steadily.  
 Nearer and nearer to Death's door she comes,  
 For at the cross-roads we hear a train hum;  
 Ignoring the flagman, she heads calmly on,  
 Mindless of dangers, she coasts on and on.  
 When, of a sudden, a great crash takes place,  
 Down to the cross-roads all the folks race:  
 And there in the midst of that savage melee  
 Lies the battered wreck of a Model T.

Maurice A. Lyons, 9-2.

## JUST ME

I'm the funniest man that ever lived,  
 And I never know what to do,  
 Sometimes I sit and talk to myself,  
 And tell me things to do.  
 I sit with me and talk with me,  
 And tell myself things confidentially.

I walk with myself and talk with myself,  
 And think me a bully chum;  
 But I never could do anything right,  
 So maybe I'm just a chump.  
 Sometimes I make a mistake,  
 And I find it hard to take the bump.

I've gone from Quincy Bay to the rock-bound coast  
 of Maine.  
 And I've gone in all kinds of automobiles,  
 And on all kinds of funny trains,  
 But still I want to hustle about,  
 And get on the road to-night,  
 Because I had a terrible dream last night,  
 And I don't want to have it to-night.

Dennis Hurley, 9-1.

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